

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

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PORTSMOUTH, N. H. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1899.

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SPECIAL WINTER BARGAINS

All Wool Kersey Overcoats at \$7.50, \$10.00, \$12.00.

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Immense assortment of new Neckwear and Gloves.

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You Can Get One Made To Order At
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WINTER OPENING OF
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WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, NOV. 15 AND 16.
All are invited. Do not fail to examine.
12 Market Square, Portsmouth.

WORK TO GO ON.

Encouraging Statement From Senators Chandler and Hale.

The arrival at the Charlestown navy yard yesterday morning of Senator Eugene Hale, chairman of the senate committee on naval affairs, and Senator and ex-Secretary of the Navy William E. Chandler, representing unofficially but undoubtedly in sentiment the mighty and everlasting Maine and New Hampshire delegations in congress, raised a good deal of conjecture among officials and workmen on the station, says the Boston Herald. The conjecturing was quite natural in view of the fact that only last Saturday the navy department ordered a cut-down of \$15,000 in the November appropriation for the department of construction and repair, which indicated at once the discharge of 300 or more skilled employees and practically the breaking up on the gunboat Machias and the new practice ship Chesapeake.

Owing to an immediate communication from Rear Admiral Sampson, commandant, the navy department gave back \$10,000 of the cut and only eighty-six men were discharged. But if any body has looked upon the visit of Mr. Hale and Mr. Chandler, following so closely the very disquieting order from Washington, as portending cause for further uneasiness, he has mistaken seriously the intentions and good will of the honorable gentlemen.

At the close of the interview in the commandant's office yesterday morning, Admiral Sampson said to a Herald representative that he was favorably impressed with his talk with Mr. Hale and Mr. Chandler, and in the afternoon, at the Parker house, Mr. Chandler assured the Herald that work already planned at the Boston yard would go on as usual, that is, repairs on the Machias and Chesapeake; that there was no reason for anticipating further discharges of employees, due to another cut down in appropriation next month or in January, and indeed, that excepting slight delay in completing repairs, the Boston navy yard will get along well until the first of February. By that time, it is expected, congress will have provided a deficiency appropriation and will be contemplating, probably favorably, the budget for the coming fiscal year.

This assurance from Senator Chandler, who is one of the men in Washington most widely informed on naval affairs, particularly the interests (political and otherwise) of the Portsmouth and Boston yards, cannot fail to be considered good news for the Charlestown station.

By some people here any statement favorable to the welfare of the Boston navy yard, coming from the Maine or New Hampshire delegations in the house and senate, is regarded as too good to be true; for it is well known that the Pine Tree and Granite state representatives in congress come pretty near controlling naval affairs, as far as New England is concerned. Congressman Boutelle of Maine is chairman of the house naval committee and Senator Hale of Maine is at the head of the senate committee, with Mr. Chandler of New Hampshire a close second; and Senator Frye of Maine is at the head of the very important committee on rivers and harbors.

And Mr. Chandler of Concord has long cherished a very lively interest in the welfare of the old Kittery yard, "where there's 15 feet of water under any ship at low tide." And in order to "make 20 yards round the end" for Boston, a Massachusetts senator or congressman, possessing the loyalty and fearless determination of a foot ball player, must overcome the formidable "back field" of the New Hampshire and Maine combination, playing to maintain the dignity of old Portsmouth. And up to date, for a long time, "though the Boston signals have been right," the Portsmouth "back field" has been highly successful.

Senator Chandler admitted as much yesterday afternoon in his room at Parker's.

"You see," he said, "when it comes to a state issue, there are two states against one."

Mr. Chandler said that Mr. Hale and he were visiting the Portsmouth and Boston yards before they returned to Washington in order that they might see with their own eyes the conditions therein, and ascertain the possibilities for improvement. He spoke in most commendable terms of the Boston plant—its great area and solid buildings and mechanical capacities.

The two distinguished gentlemen who called on Rear Admiral Sampson and talked with him for a long time will

not make any official report at Washington. Their visit was for their personal information.

IMPORTANT RULINGS BY THE POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT.

The postoffice department has made a most important ruling that will affect all jail and prison authorities in this as well as in the other states of the Union. This ruling absolutely forbids any jailer, officers, or other authority from opening the letters of prisoners in their charge.

It is claimed that this has been done extensively in New Hampshire, as it has in other states, and that because complaints have come in from prisoners and their friends, the authorities at Washington have acted.

The matter was submitted to Judge A. A. Freeman and Gen. Edwin E. Bryant, assistant attorney generals for the department, and in a long decision they have decided that the prisoner has the rights of any other person, and that any official who shall withhold it or open it shall be punished by a fine not exceeding \$500 or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, for each offence.

In the past prisoners have had letters come to them that have been opened and used as evidence against them. This coming before the postal authorities decided them to take action as told above.

The authorities have also been advised that they shall hold up all kinds of mail which comes from W. Ford & Co. of Germany on the ground that that firm is running a lottery. As far as could be learned today, none of this mail has been found in the local mails, and consequently none has been held up.

Another ruling which has come to the department says that all soldiers' letters, originating in the Philippines, shall be sent to the dead letter office if they do not contain the name of the sender, and cannot be delivered at this end of the line.

Still another ruling concerns a provision that first class offices can make for the delivery of special delivery letters by regular clerks and carriers, and for the payment of regular fees to those delivering such letters.

Letter, another decision states, are at the present time undeliverable in the Transvaal and the Orange Free state on account of the war.

Another decision says that better care shall be taken of valuable books and catalogues when in the mails.

PRIZE MONEY FOR DEWEY'S MEN.

On behalf of Admiral Dewey and men Messrs. Herbert & Mison and Charles and William B. King, attorneys of Washington have asked the court of claims to find that the amount of bounty money due them is \$382,800.

The decision of the court will establish a precedent which will affect the amount of bounty to be distributed among the officers and men of the North Atlantic fleet which destroyed Corvera's squadron.

If the finding of the court is in accordance with the request, the admiral's share of the bounty will be \$19,194. The attorneys claim that the defeated Spanish force was superior to the American squadron.

It is not contended that the enemy's fleet was superior, but that, taking into consideration the guns at Corregidor, El Fraile and other forts at the entrance of the bay, and those at Manila and Cavite, which fired upon the American ships continuously, the enemy's force was superior.

BOSTON AND MAINE REPORT.

The exhibit of the Boston and Maine railroad for the September quarter shows increased revenue over last year. Gross earnings increased \$737,000 and expenses \$427,400, leaving a net gain of \$309,500. Other income increased \$26,600 and charges augmented \$23,300, due entirely to increased national and state taxes and the increase in capital stock to the purchase and absorption of the stock of the Eastern railroad in New Hampshire. The dividend balance for the quarter was \$303,400, an increase of \$302,700.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Diphtheria relieved in twenty minutes. Almost miraculous. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At any drug store.

NEWSY GLEANINGS FROM OUR SUBURBAN TOWNS.

KITTERY.

KITTERY, Me., Nov. 15.

About a dozen of the friends of Mr. John Williams, led by Rev. Mr. Hall of the Christian church, met at his home at the lower foreclose on Monday evening and tendered him a pleasant surprise. The event was in honor of Mr. Williams, (or Uncle John as he is more familiarly known,) 79th birthday anniversary. About an hour was spent in song and prayer after which they departed, wishing Uncle John many more such occasions. He is one of the oldest and most active members of the church and when he is gone, there will be a vacant place which cannot be filled at once.

Mrs. Almira Stover is having some repairs made in her house in Love Lane, occupied by A. H. Brackett and family.

There will be an entertainment and supper at the Methodist church on Thursday evening. No admission will be charged for entertainment but the supper is 10 cents. A good time is assured to all who attend.

Mrs. Nellie Ross of Shapleigh, Me., is at J. E. Hussey's hotel for a few weeks. Mr. C. A. Prince, our popular meat and grocer dealer, is on the sick list.

Miss Helen Trefethen leaves today for New York where she will take a steamer for Porto Rico.

Mr. Richard Bryant, who has been at work on the navy yard for some time, was discharged last Monday night and left for his home in Amesbury.

There will be a dance in Wentworth hall Friday evening.

There will be a select dancing party at the Hotel Champernowne tonight. A party from Portsmouth will attend.

The steamer Mystic has been greatly repaired recently and while the government officials were making their last annual inspection, the gentlemen's cabin was thoroughly overhauled and a new floor put in.

A large number of young people went to North Kittery last evening to attend the lecture of Boatswain Bill, U. S. N., in the First Methodist church. Transportation was furnished by barges, and the moonlight ride was delightful.

Miss Millie A. Damon of Quincy, Mass., who has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Damon, Pleasant street, has returned to her duties in the public schools in that city.

Regular meeting this evening of Constitution lodge, Knights of Pythias.

Kittery will be well represented at the Harvard-Yale football game in Boston Saturday.

The tugs Potomac and Piscataqua will go into commission for service in connection with the speed trial of the battleship Kentucky.

The family of J. Ellsworth Pinkham, one of the sailors on the U. S. S. Yorktown, captured on the island of Luzon, with Lieut. Gilmore, are encouraged at the frequent reports that the men are seen and are well.

GREENLAND.

GREENLAND, Nov. 15, 1899.

Last evening as J. L. Godfrey grasped the rope of the Methodist church bell to give the warning sound to churchgoers that it was time to attend Divine worship, the first time in many years the old bell refused to do its duty, for it seems that some time between Sunday evening and Tuesday evening some mischievous party had wound the tongue of the bell with old rags of every description. Now this kind of fun has been carried on long enough and we venture to say that some of the miscreants, if they are not very careful, will find that our worthy sexton is no man to be fooled with. "For the mills of God grind slowly, but grind exceedingly fine."

If that party who informed the correspondent the first of last evening that while on his way from the depot he had seen one of the showers of meteors, don't mind his ways, he will evidently see something more fearful in his shoes when he wakes up some morning.

Rev. J. A. M. Chapman and family are soon to leave their summer residence for Philadelphia, where they will reside during the winter.

Greenland Grange holds its regular meeting this evening.

Remember the High school entertainment in the town hall on Nov. 28th.

Tickets may now be obtained from the scholars.

The HERALD is still on sale at the same place every evening.

The reflection of a large fire in the

direction of Hampton was seen in this town last evening.

B. S. Weeks an employee at the Portsmouth navy yard, is soon to move his family to that city.

None of the blacksmiths of this town attended the meeting in Portsmouth last evening.

The farmers hope to get some more rain before the ground closes.

Mrs. L. D. Duntly was a visitor in Portsmouth yesterday.

First drill of the new fire department will take place tomorrow evening.

The question is, "Will we get the trolley cars in this town next season?"

SOUTH ELIOT.

SOUTH ELIOT, Nov. 14th.

Mrs. Maria Urch celebrated the eighty-second anniversary of her birth at the home of her son-in-law, Harmon Spinnery, on Thursday last. There were over 125 relatives and friends present during the afternoon and evening, to pay their respects, among them being Mrs. David Urch and Mrs. Marshall of Portsmouth, and Miss Abbie Brown of York, Me. Mrs. Urch is a well preserved lady and carries her age lightly. During the evening she recited a piece of poetry composed by herself. Ice cream and cake were served to her guests during the afternoon and evening. She received many congratulations for her good health and wishes that it might continue for many years to come.

Chas. Estes of the Boston police department, was in town on Thursday last to attend the anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Dixon.

Mrs. Fred E. Staples and children of South Boston are visiting relatives in town.

A number of our people attended the minstrel performance in Portsmouth last Thursday evening.

Many of our people during the past week have had their fortunes told by the Romany gypsies, who are exhibiting in Portsmouth.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. George Leach on Nov. 7th.

Walter Staples of the Portsmouth Grain & Grocery Co., is confined to his home here by illness.

Boiling Rock.

YORK.

YORK, Me. Nov. 15.

Rev. Sidney K. Perkins who begins his pastorate at the Congregational church next Sunday came to York Tuesday and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Davidson. Preparations are being made to tender a reception to the pastor and family and this probably occurs in the chapel Friday evening. All members of the parish are invited and James T. Davidson, Esq., will deliver the address of welcome. Light refreshments will be served.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman P. Goldwaite of Portsmouth are the guest of Mr. Salisbury Williams.

Miss Mildred Marshall, manager of the telephone exchange at York Village went to Brookline today where she expects to remain throughout the winter.

The residence of Miss Sophia Bragdon is being newly painted.

Mr. J. P. Norton, the well known brick manufacturer, was in Boston a few days of this week.

According to the story told the Herald correspondent by a well known resident of York, the last appearance of the Leonids caused great consternation and dismay in the heart of a certain "active" living in that part of the town known as Raynes Neck. An elderly farmer—long since gone to his reward—who evidently did not read the newspapers, which of course were not so abundant as at present, was much surprised and alarmed at the unusual display in the heavens. At last, almost overcome with fright he hastened to the house of the nearest neighbor in that sparsely settled district, roused him from his slumbers and pointed out the wonderfully brilliant and amazing phenomenon. The astonishment of the second farmer was only equalled by his superstitious terror. Quaking and praying and expecting each minute to be last they spent the long hours of the morning, and not until welcome daylight was fairly up on them did they breathe thankful sighs of relief.

THE WORLD'S BEST.

THE CRAWFORD SHOE

LADIES' LARGE AND BUTTON

QUEEN QUALITY OFTEN IMITATED NEVER EQUALLED

\$8.00.

FRANKLIN SHOE—Every pair guaranteed to give satisfaction. Franklin Shoes fit the foot, fit the eye and fit your pocket.

Men's Sizes.....\$2.00 | Boys' Sizes.....\$1.40 | Youth's Sizes.....\$1.00

3 MARKET SQUARE.

When that sickness fastened on me, I knew not which was bitter, life or death. To me, belatedly, the meaning, these seemed less torture than the grip I felt so suddenly upon my limbs, as if I counted death, too, among my enemies.

Then came the day I found out their secret—found out why and how I was dying, and realized that the discovery had delivered into my hands those who wronged me.

Wearily days as I lie here alone and look back on the past few months, I wonder that a commonplace life like mine could have been wrought into such a terrible tragedy. It is not yet a year, Millicent, since you came to me, with your weeping, sad smiles and funeral dirges, to make havoc of my life and take my husband from me. You, my little sister, so grief-stricken and subdued; I so anxious to mother you and comfort you. But all my ministrations failed to rouse you from your hopeless sorrow, till at last I appealed to Jim, my husband Jim, to cheer you up! Dear God! how unwittingly one may set about the ruin of one's happiness!

I remember how he acted on my suggestion, began to show Millicent some small attentions, brought her home a few trifling presents; and so successful were his efforts that in his presence the heart-broken little widow ceased to droop and pine. I remember the first time I heard them laughing and chatting gayly together I felt I could never thank Jim for his kindness to my sister. Poor fool, poor fool! Blindly loving and trusting both, I rejoiced as the sadness dropped from Millicent like the widow's weeds which were so speedily lightened. Interested and amused at her bright talk and pretty ways, Jim began to desert his club and spend his evenings at home with us. I was not jealous—then, but it's like sitting in hell now to look back on those quiet evenings when, for all those pretty ways of hers and childlike manner, the woman set herself deliberately to take away my all. Before my unseeing eyes she wove cunningly the web which bound my husband to her. Her web has proved a snare. Tangled in its folds we shall now all three perish together.

When Millicent's visit to us had prolonged itself indefinitely, I began to wish for her departure. While she and Jim had kept close friends, her manner toward me became persistently disagreeable. Even in Jim's presence she criticised my housekeeping, found fault with the cooking; in fact, for want of better occupation, she openly sat in judgment in my every action, and generally found much to condemn in each of them; and when at last, in answer to her appeals, Jim began to side with her against me, my patience could stand it no longer. She was making my life intolerable; so, coming to a sudden determination one day, I went and told her it was time her visit should come to an end. For an instant I believed her to have gone crazy, when she informed me, with a cruel sneer, that she was my husband's guest, not mine, and that only at his request would she leave the house. Furious, I rushed to Jim. He was alone in his dispensary. I repeated Millicent's words to him, and, catching hold of his sleeve, I would have dragged him straight into her presence.

"You must come and tell her to go at once," I said. "She shall not stay another hour in my house."

He freed his arm from my hold with a sudden jerk. "Damn you!" he said angrily; "what makes you think I'll interfere? Can't two women ever live together without fighting? Your sister is welcome to stay here as long as she likes. She's a far better sort to get on with than you, my dear wife."

As he spoke my whole world seemed suddenly to go to pieces—swift as a flash, though wholly unsuspected until then, the knowledge of my position came upon me. Millicent and Jim were together against me. I stood alone. None of life's lessons is so hard for a woman to know and understand as that a man can cease to love her. Stupid perhaps in all else, I understood now, all too quickly, that Jim's love for me was dead. He loved Millicent. A lifetime of agony seemed compressed into the moment that brought this knowledge to me.

We looked straight into one another's eyes. There was a message for me in his which I could not fail to read. "You know all now," they said, defiantly: "do your worst."

"Either Millicent or I must leave this house!" I cried. "Decide! Which of us shall it be?"

"You can go, if you like," he answered doggedly.

This was the end. "I will go at once," I said.

My preparations for departure were soon complete. My first impulse was to go somewhere by train, miles and miles away. A long way off from Jim and Millicent I could think things over better. Putting on my hat and coat, I noticed my purse lying on the dressing-table—mean, poverty-stricken purse that I suddenly remembered contained but one farthing. I had intended to ask Jim for an advance out of my housekeeping money that very morning, and now I could never in this life ask Jim Moreland for anything again.

A woman's face stared at me from the looking glass. It could not have been my own face, for this woman smiled at me—a grim, hard smile; she nodded her head significantly once or twice, and I found myself repeating the words I read upon her mocking lips: "Drown yourself! drown yourself! The river journey cost nothing!"

Oh, cruelly wise words! You are right, you are right. The river was my dream, my hope, and my trouble, and the sooner the better.

As I turned to leave the room, that I might fare forth on this, the great, inevitable journey, Jim knocked at my door. He came in sulky and reluctant, but conciliatory. He hadn't, of course, meant what he had said; had been speaking to Millicent, who would leave the house at once rather than cause a misunderstanding between us. Would I not come down and make friends with her and forget all the jealous nonsense I had talked in the morning?

Was this a reprieve from death? If Jim were willing Millicent should go

away, I need not drown myself. Yet I was not glad or comforted; no trust was left in me. They should have said change to make wrong right, no, though sick and hopeless at heart, I returned my everyday life to the household occupations.

We dined all three together that evening—what a cosy little party we looked! I had taken extra pains to prepare a dainty meal, and, moved by some unusual impulse of extravagance, ordered flowers sufficient to nearly cover the table. I dressed for dinner carefully wearing one of the few pretty frocks I possessed. My cheeks were burning, my eyes shining, but my heart was like lead within me.

Millicent looked at the table, surprised as she took her seat.

"Why," she said, "have white flowers enough for a wedding?"

"Or a funeral," said I, and thought that it was because of the bitterness of my voice that my companions blanched.

We studiously talked dreary commonplaces to hide our thoughts from one another, till Jim said I looked pale, and should take a glass of Burgundy. I protested, but he went himself to the sideboard to get the wine he wanted. Standing there with his back toward us, he filled a glass, which he brought to me himself. As he set the wine down before me he laid his hand on my shoulder. "Drink that, old girl," he said kindly, almost affectionately; "I see now that you've been letting yourself run down, and I shall be having you a patient on my hands if I don't look after you."

When Judas kissed Christ, he set the fashion in treachery. With my husband's hand still resting caressingly upon my shoulder, I drank the wine, thus taking the first step toward the death snare laid for me. That night I lay in my room, feeling queer and sick; before a week was out I had, indeed, become one of Jim's patients, too ill to leave my bed.

The days passed; I grew steadily worse, not better. While I lie helpless, racked with pain, Millicent has assumed the management of the house. There is no more talk of her going away. She comes to me once or twice a day, and I can see a look of malicious triumph in her eyes as she asks coldly what she can do for me. The evening she and Jim sit together, I lying in the room overhead, am conscious of the smoke of his pipe and their frequent laughter. Those were my hours of torture.

But comfort came at last. I dreamed one night that some one was trying to poison me. When I awoke it was early morning. Outside my window there was a stir and twitter of birds; within the house, I only was awake. For the moment my head was clear. I was free from pain. As I lay there idly watching the morning sunshine, my dream came back to me; then suddenly I realized in reality. A moment's thought proved the truth of my conviction—Jim's wine, Jim's medicine, Millicent's broth, all resulted in much the same sort of torture for me, all were helping on the much-desired consummation of my disease.

Oh, the horror, the cruelty of it! But, oh, the blessed chance that I have not died helplessly ignorant an unrepentant! So, let Jim and Millicent kill me as they will, as craftily as they may, I am forewarned. Like the blind giant Sampson, I shall not die alone.

Two weeks passed since my day of comfort broke. The need for me is now here. I leave all ready. Old Lawyer Sutton has in his possession a sealed package to be opened after my death. It contained my accusation against Jim and Millicent, a request for a post-mortem examination. I also enclose a small bottle of medicine and of broth, both of which, I am sure, will on analysis show traces of arsenic.

Just before I sent for Mr. Sutton, I had almost a qualm of remorse. I was thinking of Jim on the scaffold. High up there, what a handsome man he still would look. Little changed is he, indeed, since the days when, only a medical student, but such a good-looking young fellow, we used to meet by stealth at the foot of my father's orchard. Evening after evening he used to walk five miles out of town and back for the sake of half an hour's loving talk with me. Sometimes there was a moon, sometimes there was summer darkness, but we always found one another under the old apple tree, in which we could sit together and kiss and promise, instead of vexatious parents and poverty, that we would love one another forever and ever.

Remembering those old days my heart grew soft within me. "Kill me if you will, Jim," I thought, "but I cannot hurt you."

Then they came together into my room, Millicent and my husband, and, as my eyes met the eyes of my murderers, all sense of pity left me. Millicent seemed more amiable than usual. "Jim is thinking of having another doctor into see you," she informed me. "Isn't it ridiculous? You really took ever so much better to-day."

"I don't want to see a doctor," I said. "I know I am dying, and if Jim can't cure me, no one else can."

"I think I'll ask Brown to walk back with me from the hospital," said Jim nervously. "He might suggest a different treatment."

"Perhaps—if he understood. But he's not very clever; he'll not find out what ails me."

I spoke softly, but Jim heard me. A shadow fell on his face, and he looked at me anxiously, interrogatively. But Millicent was equal to the occasion.

"Never mind, dear," she said to me sweetly; "if it pleases Jim he may bring Dr. Brown to see you, though we neither of us believe him to be as clever as our own doctor here."

A couple of hours later Jim ushered this stupid-looking young man into my room, pointed out to him the symptoms of my illness, which clearly indicated that I was suffering from perforating ulcer described in his text-book of my case. Drown, scarcely noticing me, listened to Jim attentively, agreed with him in everything, made a few random suggestions as to diet, and took his departure. His visit was, on Jim's part, a prudent precaution. Then I asked to see the old lawyer. Millicent came with him into the room and remained while he was there. I bade her give Mr. Sutton the parcel which I had ready lying in a drawer. I saw her inspect it curiously, but she could make nothing of it. "That's for Jim, Mr. Sutton," I said, "when I am gone. You must open it when you hear of my death, and you will find instructions inside."

The poor old fellow was touched at this proof of my devotion to my husband. "You've been a wonderfully good wife to him, Mrs. Moreland."

"At least," I said, "very dearly. I want him to remember me when I am gone," I said, looking significantly at the packet he was holding carefully.

"I promise, willingly," he said, as he turned to take his leave of me, "to carry out all your wishes."

Directly he was gone, Millicent brought me in a glass of hot milk. I was taking so long to die, she needs must, on her own responsibility, hurry things up.

Since I drank that stuff I have passed through my mortal agony. A nurse has been fetched hurriedly. Dr. Brown brought in again everything that could be done to alleviate my torture has been tried; my pain seems at last to have lessened, but the end can't be long.

For a few moments, when the respite came, I slept or became unconscious. When I again opened my eyes Jim and Millicent were standing together at the foot of my bed, watching me. They are always watching me. It was growing dark, but I could see their faces, and I could imagine an eager look in my sister's eyes as she asked me, "How do you feel better?"

"Much better," I said; for the moment my voice seemed to have grown strong and clear again. "I have been asleep and dreaming. I dreamed that you and Jim were going to be hanged!"

Never did I see anything like the hateful, frightened faces these two turned to one another.

Millicent staggered, and would have fallen but that she held on to Jim. I thought that, for a moment, he shrank from her. So their punishment has begun already, and these eyes, these dying eyes, have seen it! They, fools! plotted to thrust me away that they might be together, but my dead body shall lie ever between them and my dead hands shall hold them one at either side of me in relentless grip. So may we perchance spend eternity together.

Night is passing slowly—was ever such a night. Storm, rain, and wind shake the house and beat fiercely at my window. When the spell of pain is on me I hear nothing for the blood beating in my ears; when the pain ceases for a moment I listen to the shrieking of the wind. Can the winds be some outside demon who waits ravenously to seize my soul?

Two people, a man and a woman, with faces gray and anxious as ghosts, keep wandering in and out of the room; first one comes, gazes at me for a moment, and disappears; then creeps in the other, furtively, cautiously. Both are frightened, nervous, but not so much afraid of me as they are of meeting one another.

A white-capped nurse sits, indifferently, before the fire. I am dying—oh, yes, I know; and a good thing, too, for I'm so tired, so dreadfully tired. Those gray-faced people would but keep away from me, I might die in peace. The woman is kneeling by my bed now. She has caught hold of my hand—I am weak, I cannot take it from her. What does she want? She looks imploringly at me. I wish she would let go my hand. The man is there, too, now—he is standing behind her—both want something, something from me! What is it? I'm tired after such cruel pain—do let me rest! But it's Jim's eyes that are looking into mine, and Millicent is holding my hand! Oh, I remember now! I wished my death to ruin them, because—because—yes, I remember!

How foolish to have been angry with them—I, who once loved them both! Can I not save them?

Oh, God! I cannot speak! The nurse is there—she bends down toward me. "Nurse, can you hear? It was—Jim—oh—Millicent! I have poisoned myself!"

The storm has died down. Day is breaking. Life I have laid aside all my burdens, relinquishing even my revenge. Death comes with morning, shining like a bridegroom!—Sketch.

Some of Our Readers.

Now that Uncle Sam has on his hands sundry millions of Spanish-speaking people, it may be interesting to know something of the life of a Castilian-tongued race which has lived under the starry banner for over fifty years. On the plains and in the mountains of New Mexico, far from the Americanizing influences of the towns, thousands of dark-skinned Mexicans live, as did their ancestors generations ago. Indolent and happy, unlettered, and without ambition beyond having enough food for the current day, the world begins and ends with the canyon in which they live. Few can read or write, fewer still speak English, and the children, for lack of schools, are trudging behind their parents as in a treadmill.

The store is the hub of this little universe, for he pays his pobrecitos (the poor) with letters of credit good for the necessities of life, over the counter. They rarely earn enough to feed their families of six or eight members, and hence they are as a rule in debt to the local king. That is the secret of his almightiness, for he can leave them to hunger whenever he pleases. On the other hand, their labor is cheap; he buys his supplies by wholesale from Chicago and other places, and sells at retail. Hence he is not the loser, even if every family for several miles around owes him a debt which can never be fully liquidated.

The difference between this father of his people and his retainers is strikingly marked. First he is usually called don, and the members of his family senior, senora, and senorita; and, no matter how ignorant a Mexican is, he is as slow as a tortoise to give titles to which a person has no apparent claim. Again, the don is, as a rule, educated, white-skinned and possessed of that business shrewdness for which pure-blooded Spaniards are noted. The pobrecitos, on the other hand, are ignorant, poorly clad, dark from exposure and mixture of blood, and as simple as a child in business. But the don raises no social barriers. The poorest have the run of his house, and he never fails to take a deep personal interest in them and their numerous families. The result is that the best of feeling exists, and in politics and all the affairs of life the common bond is as potent's clay in the hands of the don.

The homes of the poor are all of a kind, and built as in the days when Mexico owned the territory. They are constructed of logs and clay, or masonry of clay, in which case they are full of adobe bricks. Each house consists of two rooms, 10 by 10, and separated by a hall or vestibule five feet wide. This hall is open to every wind that blows, and when a person visits a Mexican house he enters the hall and knocks at the door to the right or left. There are bound to be members of the family in both rooms, for a Mexican rarely has less than six children, and even the crowded tenements of New York have fewer denizens per room than a Mexican shanty. The women and children sleep in one room, and the men and grown boys in another. Close to the house is always to be found a stable, for a rural Mexican must have a team of raw-boned ponies. Often, too, a small corral attests that Joaquin, Jose, or whatever his name may be, has a flock of goats.

When an American first sees a Mexican's house in the country he hesitates to approach it, because it looks fearfully dirty. Then, too, a group of dark-faced, ragged children usually burst into the open and shout "Mira! mira! un Americano!" (Look! look! an American!) This cry always brings forth the mother, who is always to be seen from whose face toil has long driven any traces of beauty. But let the American enter, and he will see a cleanly, if poverty-stricken, home, for Mexican women are more industrious than their husbands. And, if the American is forced to seek refuge at night in a Mexican's cabin, he need have no fear of assassination or robbery, for, however vicious and thieving the typical "grasper" of the towns and Mexican border may be, the rural Mexican is hospitable and not avaricious enough to steal a nickel.

Again Popular.

Earrings are coming in again, and while fashion's slaves are meekly protesting that they will not wear the barbarous things, they will undoubtedly submit in the end.

The chief has gone forth that earrings are to be worn again, and the jewelers are preparing for the immediate demand for that article of jewelry which was relegated to oblivion ten years ago. One drawback to the revival is that nine out of every ten women will need to have their ears pierced again, and every woman has an acute remembrance of that painful ordeal in the past. When our mothers were young it was the custom to pierce the ears by putting a cork behind them, stretching the lobes of the ear tight over the cork and then piercing with a needle, afterwards a silken thread and a gold ring, made especially for the purpose, through the hole. Pearl or diamond screw rings will hold their own for a long time in woman's favor, but there are some new and startling fancies shown in the way of earrings in the jewelry shops.

Can't Get Their Morphine.

By request of Mayor Gels of York, Pa., the druggists have stopped the sale of opium and morphine, except upon the prescription of reputable physicians. In consequence of a large number of people in that place who have been using quantities of morphine, mostly by injection, are in a state of consternation, and many have sought scientific medical treatment. Other victims of the drug have sent to other places for it, while some are using headache powders as a substitute. One York physician is treating 10 morphine cases.

Joseph Jefferson studied medicine early in life and was intended for a physician. He attributed his good health to strictly keeping the rules which he laid down for himself while an enthusiastic medical student.

The Dilemma.

"Aren't you afraid of us?" asked the Englishman severely.

"Yes," answered the Transvaal citizen. "I am, but I am more or less afraid of you. The difficulty is that we're just as much afraid of you when you talk diplomatically as when you talk fight."—Washington Star.

Reminded of It.

1—The Beggar (weeping bitterly)—"Sir, I have a wife at home—"

2—Jones (bursting into tears)—"So-so have I."—N. Y. Journal.

Thought He Was at Home.

"I want a marriage license," he said to the clerk brazenly.

His name and her name and both their ages was asked. He gave them to the clerk in a loud, winter-weathered voice and looked around the room to see how much attention he had attracted.

"How much?" he asked.

The price of the bit of paper was given to him.

He took it in his hand. He looked it over. Then he asked, "Where's the coupon?"

"What coupon?" queried the clerk, wondering.

"The divorce coupon," answered the man.

The clerk gasped. "The ideal!" he exclaimed. "Who ever heard of such a thing? Say, Mister, where are you from?"

"Dakota!" And the wind whistled outside.—Detroit Free Press.

Her Explanation.

I drove over the park bridge yesterday afternoon in one of those carry-all 'buses, tucked away in a back seat as neatly as a match in a box. On the front, beside the driver, sat three little brown-eyed girls. Their mother was squeezed in behind, by me. As we approached the Detroit shore a sail boat decided to go on up stream, and the gate was thrown across the bridge, as the draw was swung.

The little girl on the end of the front seat looked at the great mass of steel and wood as it slipped by, open-mouthed; then, turning back, she said to her mother, with tears just coming into her eyes:

"Oh, mamma, see, the bridge is all broke and we'll have to stay here forever."—Detroit Free Press.

Cruel Sarcasm.

"I know the pumpkin pie was rather thin as to filling," said the landlady, almost crying, "but I don't think he has any right to say what he did."

"What did he say?" asked the second table boarder.

"He asked me if I didn't think that the pie crust would be improved if it had another coat of yellow paint."—What-to-Eat.

The Way Out of It.

"They say that Nell Gadleigh has broken her engagement with Harry Hippelton."

"Yes, she says that he was so affectionate that he wore her."

"Oh! if that was all, why didn't she just marry him and have done with the wearisome part?"—Boston Traveler.

Not the One That Was Out.

"Is the cashier out?" he asked as he looked around.

"No," replied the president, as he glanced up from an examination of the books. "The cashier is not out; it's the bank that is out."—Exchange.

Beyond His Reach.

"Truth," he quoted, is at the bottom of a well."

"And you are no kind of a diver," was the prompt retort.—Chicago Post.

BEST YOU EVER SAW.

THE FALL SUIT we have decided to make for this season for a leader surpasses anything that has ever been offered in fall goods at the price in this city.

The Oldest Tailoring Establishment in Portsmouth Will Continue To Lead.

WILLIAM P. WALKER

MERCHANT TAILOR.

8 Market Square, Portsmouth

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

A Magnificent Portrait Of....

ADMIRAL DEWEY

In Ten Colors (size, 14x21 inches)

Will be published by us shortly. It is now being printed for us on heavy plate paper in a form suitable for framing, by one of the largest art lithograph houses in America, in the famous French style of color-plate work. Every American family will want one of these handsome pictures of Admiral Dewey. It must be remembered that the picture will be in color—no cheap chromo, but will be an example of the very highest style of lithographic printing. It will be an ornament to any library or drawing-room. Our readers can have the Dewey portrait at what it costs us (namely, ten cents per copy) by merely filling out the coupon below, and sending it to this office at once. There will be such a demand for this portrait when it is published that we advise sending orders in advance. As many copies as may be desired can be had on one coupon, providing ten cents is sent for each copy. Write name and address plainly, and remit in coin or postage stamps.

To THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD, Portsmouth, N. H.

Enclose the remittance of cents, send me copies of the ADMIRAL DEWEY PORTRAIT in colors as described in your paper.

Name.....

Address.....

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO - LAWRENCE -

Portsmouth's Swell Tailor

HERALD ADS GIVE BEST RESULTS

Try One And Be Convinced.

Old Furniture Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little.

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions and Coverings.

R. H. HALL

Herover Street, Near Market.

Granite State Fire Insurance Company

OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Paid-Up Capital, \$200,000

OFFICERS:

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One Hen One Day One Mill

It costs a mill a day—one cent a day—to keep a hen laying. It costs a mill a day—one cent a day—to keep a hen laying. It costs a mill a day—one cent a day—to keep a hen laying.

**Sheridan's
CONDITION
Powder**

Put a few ounces daily, in a hot mash, and make the food doubly profitable. If you can't buy it, send one pack, 50 cents; five, two pounds, \$1.00. In the poultry paper form, 10 cents. S. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Buy Now!

HAVE JUST RECEIVED A NEW LOT OF
Ruggies of all descriptions, Milk Wags,
rims, Steam Laundry Wagons, Stove
Wagons and Staphole Carriages,
also a large line of New and Second-Hand
Harnasses, Single and Double, Heavy
and Light, and I will sell them
at Very Low Prices.

Just drop around and look them, if you
don't want to buy.

THOMAS McCUE,
Stone Stable - Fleet Street

NEW PICKLES.

New Pickles now and grow this year
By Bartlett you can sell you;
Just pickled and made to suit the trade.
As all who eat can tell you.
In vinegar from apple juice,
With sugar from the south;
Girls like to bite with all their might
Until they fill their mouth.
It is as good as the children say,
Do buy in Bartlett's Pickles.
So nice and good with all our food—
Pie, cake or heavy victuals,
The Vinegar is ten years old,
In color like to brandy,
If once you try you will then buy—
It sells, they keep it handy.

—Editor, N. Y. August 1899.

SYLVESTER BARTLETT.

BUY ONLY THE BEST

OLD CO. LEHIGH

-COAL-

FOR YOUR FURNACE OR
STEAM HEATER.

The only full supply at

137 MARKET ST

J. A. & A. W. WALKER

H. W. Nickerson,

Embalmer and Funeral
Director,

6 Daniel St., Portsmouth, N. H.

Calls by night at residence, 6 Court
street, or at J. A. Snow's, 16
Gates street, will receive prompt
attention.

Telephone at Office and Residence.

Office Open From 7 a. m. to 8 p. m.

CEMETERY LOTS CARED FOR

AND TURFING DONE.

WITH increased facilities the subscriber is
prepared to take care of and keep
in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of
the city as may be intrusted to his care. He will
also give careful attention to the turfing and
grading of lots, and the removal of bodies
in addition to work at the cemetery he will
be grading and grading in the city at short
notice.
Cemetery lots for sale, also lots and turf.
Orders left at his residence, corner of Beth
avenue and South street, or by mail, or left
with Oliver W. Ham (successor to J. S. Fletcher)
60 Market street, will receive prompt attention.
—J. J. GRIFFIN.

NOTICE.

PERSONS having sight to be removed
from pools and basins to be cleaned, or other
work to be done will have their property
removed by carrier there as follows:
J. J. GRIFFIN

PILES

For sale by George Hill, Druggist

HE CANNOT GET AWAY

AGUINALDO IS NOW IN A CLOSED TRAP.

Officials in Washington Believe the
Slippery Chief of the Natives will
be a Captive Within a Few Days—
A Large Amount of Property has
Been Captured.

Washington, Nov. 14.—The combined
forces of Generals Wheaton, Lawton,
Young and MacArthur have at last
got Aguinaldo in a trap from which
it seems to be next to impossible
for him to escape. The Filipinos
hoped to give General Young the slip
at Tarlac, but the Americans moved
so rapidly that Aguinaldo's scheme of
reaching the mountains was frustrated.
General Otis's dispatches to the
War Department indicate that the
Filipino dictator will be a captive,
with all his chief advisers, within a
few days. He cannot escape.

"Now, this is good news!" ejaculated
Secretary Root as he turned from
a war map he had been consulting in
the light of a long cable from General
Otis just received.

"We have captured Aguinaldo's private
secretary," he continued. "A large
amount of property has been taken,
and the indications are that we now
have the native leader himself in a
cul-de-sac from which he cannot escape.
I am delighted with this news."

He just confirmed the fall of Tarlac
and the capture of 175 Bolomen transporting
Aguinaldo's property over the
mountains, together with his private
secretary and seven officers. Sixty-nine
Spanish and two American prisoners
were rescued.

Other indications are that the natives
cannot escape to the mountain
capital at Bayambang without
great difficulty and loss of life.
General Wheaton has probably con-
nected with General Lawton, although
this has not yet been officially reported.

The American troops have accom-
plished tremendous work in the face of
difficulties which it is impossible to
exaggerate. The surrender of arms to
General MacArthur marks the begin-
ning of the end and the practical
disappearance of the natives in any
force. It also indicates the correct-
ness of General Otis's recent informa-
tion to the effect that the native forces
are disintegrating.

General Otis in a dispatch to the
War Department, regarding the capture
of Filipino supplies at Mayaguez,
says:
"We were with a squadron of the
Third cavalry hastened forward to
Mayaguez, where the Filipinos' supply de-
pot was captured, securing several
hundred thousand pounds of rice, 3,
500 pounds of flour, 7,500 pounds of
salt and other provisions, 1,300 uni-
form coats, new, many blankets and
other articles of clothing, also a num-
ber of Filipino officers and sixty-nine
Spanish and two American prisoners.
"Our troops have suffered great
hardships and have performed most
severe service, but are reported in ex-
cellent condition and spirits. The en-
terprise and indomitable will displayed
by the officers have never been ex-
ceeded."

—Editor, N. Y. August 1899.

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removed by carrier there as follows:
J. J. GRIFFIN

PILES

For sale by George Hill, Druggist

IN PORTSMOUTH.

Every Claim is Backed by Local Testimony.

If the reader wants anything stronger
than the opinions and experiences of
his neighbors, what can it be?
Mr. Ira E. Randall, of 73 Pleasant
street, says: "I took a box of Little
Colds in the back, and it became to
render over the kidneys that I could not
bend forward. Twice of pain often
caught me in making any quick move-
ment. The pain and the tired out feel-
ing hanging over me all the time were
most distressing. I was very bad when
I went to Philbrick's pharmacy in
Franklin block for Doan's Kidney Pills,
yet they very quickly banished me and I
discontinued using the bottle. The box
was completed. I am very favorably
impressed with the old Quaker remedy,
and as I have quite recovered from the
attack I can certainly recommend it."
For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents.
Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.,
sole agents for the U. S.
Remember the name—Doan's—and
take no substitute.

SHOT BY HIS SON.

A Supreme Court Officer Killed in
New York.

New York, Nov. 14.—In a quarrel
over money matters George J. Schan,
a veteran court officer attached to Part
IV. of the Supreme Court of this city,
has been shot and instantly killed by
his son, a youth of twenty.

Mr. Schan was fifty-eight years old.
He was fairly well-to-do and lived in
comfort. George W. Schan, the son,
was just beginning his life as a dentist.
His profession does not bring him in
much of an income. It was said that
his tastes were such as to make his in-
come entirely inadequate to the de-
mands he made upon it. The elder
Schan had frequently paid the young
man's debts, it is said, and had com-
plained that the burden was getting too
heavy for him to bear.

Young Schan called at the house, but
his father had not risen, and he went
into the bedroom. He sat down on the
bedside and angrily called his father's
attention to the fact that his mother's
will had not been probated, though she
died a year and a half ago.

"I want what's coming to me," he
said. "It is my own by right, and you
have no right to keep that will back.
You know that I need the money with
which to continue my studies as a
dentist."

The father made an angry reply and
the dispute grew hot. Suddenly the
father cried: "See here, if you don't
get out of the house I'll get out of bed
and kick you out."

As he spoke he sprang from the bed.
As he came to face with the son the
pistol was discharged and a bullet
entered the temple of the old man. So
close did his son stand to him when he
fired that blood from the wound spur-
ted over the young man's cravat and
light overcoat. The old man threw up
his arms, sank to the floor with a
groan and died almost instantly.

He Didn't Know It Was Loaded.

Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 14.—William
Rowland Hunn, the seventeen-year-old
son of Ezekiel Hunn, a widely known
and wealthy lawyer, while playing the
part of a desperate highwayman in the
clear story of Edwin Lippincott,
at No. 140 North Thirteenth street,
accidentally shot and killed Lippincott.
Hunn has been arrested. He is
frantic with grief at the tragedy,
and explained that Lippincott had
been playing the victim of a hold-up
to show how he could fool a highway-
man who had covered him with a re-
volver. Hunn was showing him Lippin-
cott's plan could be foiled when the
pistol was discharged. He didn't
know it was loaded.

Killed Five Indians.

Flagstaff, Ariz., Nov. 14.—One white
man and five Navajo Indians have
been killed and two whites and one
Navajo wounded ten miles south of
Walnut Station in an attempt to ar-
rest a Navajo. Six Navajos held up
William Montgomery, a cowboy, and
accused him of stealing horses, threat-
ening to kill him. He obtained a war-
rant for their arrest and with Deputy
Sheriff Hogan, Roden and an ex-
posed Walter Durham went to the Navajos'
camp. The Navajos resisted, and in
the quarrel that followed Montgomery
and five of the Indians were killed.

Philadelphia Election Frauds.

Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 14.—Deputy
Coroner Samuel P. Salter, for whom
a warrant has been issued in connection
with the alleged ballot-box stuff-
ing in the Seventh Ward at the recent
election, has been arrested by an ex-
posed Walter Durham went to the Navajos'
camp. The Navajos resisted, and in
the quarrel that followed Montgomery
and five of the Indians were killed.

Found Dead in Burning House.

Danbury, Conn., Nov. 14.—Residents
of the village of Bethel, three miles
from here, were aroused by an ex-
plosion in the home of John M. Signor,
a retired hatter and one of the village
burghesses. Fire followed the explo-
sion and the firemen discovered Signor's
body in his bedroom with a bullet
wound in his temple. Whether it
was murder or suicide is not known.
Signor was 54 years old. He lived
alone and was regarded as wealthy
and eccentric.

Dying in the Streets.

Jersey City, N. J., Nov. 14.—William
Sutton, a watchman employed by the
Pennsylvania Railroad, has just been
found bleeding and dying under the
railroad bridge. He was removed to
the hospital where he said he had
been attacked without cause by two
men when he was on his way to work.
The police have no clue to Sutton's
assaulters.

For Over Fifty Years.

Wm. Winkler's Bismarck Syrup has been
used for children for fifty years. It soothes the
inflamed throat, allays all pain, cures
croup, whooping cough, and is the best
remedy for Diarrhoea. Justly five cents a bottle.

"Little Colds" neglected—thousands
of lives sacrificed every year. Dr.
Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures little
colds—cures big colds too, down to the
very verge of consumption.

THE NEW CONGRESS.

IT BIDS FAIR TO OPEN HAR- MONIOUSLY.

Salley of Texas Will Not be Leader of
the Minority on the Floor—Power to
Make up Committees May be Taken
Out of the Hands of the Speaker of
the House.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 14.—The
Fifty-sixth Congress will assemble
here within three weeks, and, strange
to relate, there is to be no preliminary
fight over the organization of the
House of Representatives. The hav-
ing of the Congress is usually accom-
panied by a bitter struggle over the
Speaker, conducted by the politi-
cal party having a majority of the
members elected.

In the event of the assured re-elec-
tion of the Speaker, as was the case
two years ago, when Thomas Brackett
Reed had no opposition, the struggle
for the minor offices of the House goes
forward with great earnestness and
sometimes bitterness. The rival can-
didates establish their respective
headquarters at the big hotels, and the
friends and expectant beneficiaries of
the contestants for the positions of
clerk, doorkeeper, sergeant-at-arms,
chaplain, postmaster and the smaller
offices manage to usher in a new Con-
gress with considerable political ex-
citement.

Thus far there is not a disturbing
ripple on the political surface in con-
nection with the organization of the
House. The Speakership being prac-
tically settled by the assurance al-
ready in possession of General David
B. Henderson, in addition to the gen-
eral understanding that all of the
leading officials of the last Congress,
perhaps with one exception, are to be
re-elected, there does not appear to be
the slightest pretext to work up any
friction in the Republican camp.

The Democrats may contribute a lit-
tle spice to the otherwise listless
situation by getting into a little diffi-
culty over the empty honor of posing
as leader of the minority in place of
Bailey of Texas, who has formally an-
nounced that the Democratic party in
the coming Congress will have to
struggle along without his self-satis-
fied leadership on the floor. The
aspirants for Bailey's discarded party
compass are Representatives J. H.
Bankhead, of Alabama, D. A. De Ar-
mond, of Missouri, and James D. Rich-
ardson, of Tennessee. From a particu-
lar standpoint Mr. Richardson is
probably better equipped for the po-
sition than any one of the men men-
tioned. Bankhead has a large personal
following among the Southern
Democrats, and De Armond is an able
and a stubborn antagonist in political
debate.

There seems to be but one chance
to get up a respectable fight over the
organization of the House. A propo-
sition made in the Republican caucus,
to change the practice of allowing the
Speaker to make up the committees
would create a good sized row. At
present the Speaker is vested with the
tremendous power and responsibility
of naming all of the committees on
both sides of the House. He is edu-
cated up to the standard of General Hen-
derson and his predecessors might con-
struct the committees so as to pro-
mote or prevent legislation, with dis-
astrous results.

It is generally conceded that it is
too much power to place in the hands
of one man, and a well organized
party of men, and the Democrats
would probably command the support
of a majority of the members of the
coming Congress. The Senate, a
much smaller body numerically, does
not invest the Vice President with the
power of naming the committees. The
Republicans, if in control of the Sen-
ate in caucus assembled select the
majority representatives, and the Demo-
crats are accorded the privilege of
designating the minority representa-
tives.

The party leaders then submit the
reports to the Senate for approval,
thus relieving the Vice President of
all responsibility in connection with
the construction of the committees.
There are some very tempting com-
mittees, particularly the Senate by
reason of recent retirements, in the
Committee on Appropriations, the
most powerful and influential commit-
tee in that body, three vacancies ex-
ist, occasioned by the retirement of
former Senators Edward Murphy, of
New York; Gorman, of Maryland, and
Faulkner, of West Virginia. New
York assesses her representative on
the Commerce committee, one of the
most desirable committees in the Sen-
ate, through Mr. Murphy's retirement.

Troops Reviewed by Miles.

San Francisco, Nov. 14.—Major-
Gen. Miles reviewed the troops at the
Presidio Monday and then left for the
South. He said to a reporter: "I
shall visit Los Angeles and San Diego,
inspecting the fortifications there. In
all probability I shall stop off at Tuc-
son, Ariz., Galveston and New Orleans
on my way east."

Got Half of The Reward.

Richmond, Va., Nov. 14.—George T.
Oaks, who killed Ambrose Caraway
at Cranberry, N. C., on October 28,
has been arrested. Oaks surrendered
himself on condition that he be given
half of the reward, \$100, offered by the
Governor for his capture.

Stricken in the Pulpit.

Medina, Ohio, Nov. 14.—Rev. P. F.
Graham, pastor of the M. E. Church
at Wadsworth, while preaching in his
pulpit was stricken with apoplexy,
and is now in a precarious condition,
with chances against his recovery.

American Squadron to Visit England.

Birmingham, Eng., Nov. 14.—The
Powers have received the belief that
a visit by the naval squadron from the
United States has been arranged, but
adds that the details and time of the
visit are not known as yet.

Fired a Bullet Through His Head.

Terre Haute, Ind., Nov. 14.—Zea-
dock Rhamaker, driver of a laundry
wagon, suicided in his own yard here
by a pistol shot through the head. He
was 31 years old and leaves a wife
and child. No cause is known.

A COLLAR FOR LIFE-SAVING.

New Device to Take the Place of Belts
and Buoy.

Washington, Nov. 14.—A life-saving
collar, invented by a citizen of Ghent,
is described in a letter to the State
Department from Consul Le Bert. The
apparatus has been tested and its
value proved. It is thus described by
Mr. Le Bert:

"From my observation, I should
judge it to be far superior to either
the life buoy or cork jacket. The
body is submerged, with the head and
neck only exposed, which prevents ex-
posure and chilling. It is impossible
to capsize; the arms are left perfect-
ly free, and what appears to be the
most important, its adjustment is in-
stantaneous. It is so simple that a
child seven years of age can put it
on without assistance. It can readily
be adjusted while one is in the water.
"The invention consists of a cork
collar having an exterior diameter of
16 1/2 inches, and an interior diameter
of about 5 inches. Its ascensional
strength represents constantly from
18 to 20 pounds of iron."

Must Pay For Drainage Works.

Washington, Nov. 14.—The Supreme
Court has, in an opinion read by Jus-
tice Brown, decided that the city of
New Orleans must provide, by the as-
sessment and collection of taxes, for
the payment of warrants issued under
an ordinance passed in 1876, authoriz-
ing the construction of drainage works
for the city. A number of defenses
were set up by the city, but all were
overruled by the Court of Appeals for
the Fifth Circuit and its judgment as
to these was affirmed. It was held,
however, that as John B. Warner,
plaintiff in the case, who sued on \$8,
000 of the warrants, had never pre-
sented them for payment, as the or-
dinance prescribed, he could not col-
lect interest on the judgment from
1876 to 1894, the date at which the
suit was begun.

Nailed His Sermon to Pulpit.

Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 14.—The peo-
ple of St. Joseph's Church have been
impressed by Father Zuercher, that
charges have been preferred against
him by the Very Rev. Vicar General
Conner, of the diocese, on account of
his sermon on Sunday, which depre-
cated the practice of priests taking
special collections on All Souls' Day.
Father Zuercher nailed his manuscript
to the pulpit for the purpose, as he
said, of giving an opportunity for in-
terested persons to study it more care-
fully.

For Another Methodist School.

Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 14.—The
Educational Committee for the Louisi-
ville Conference of the Methodist
Church met here and appointed a com-
mittee to select a site for the building
of another school similar to the Van-
derbilt Training School at Elkton.
The school will in all probability be
located in the mountains (Glasgow,
Campbellsville, Burksville, Columbia
and Bereas) and all to visit these
places November 27.

Gen. Ludlow in Washington.

Washington, Nov. 14.—Brig Gen
Ludlow, military governor of Havana,
who has been spoken of in connection
with the civil governorship of Cuba,
when such an office shall have been
established, was at the War Depart-
ment Monday afternoon, and had a
long conference with Secretary Root.
The secretary afterward went with
Gen. Ludlow to the White House.

To Benefit Teachers.

Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 14.—The
State Association of Town and City
School Superintendents has adjourned.
J. F. Haines, of Noblesville, was
elected President and W. S. Rowe, of
Connersville, Secretary. A resolution
recommending that colleges prepare
courses of study in the summer terms
for the benefit of teachers was adopt-
ed.

Notable Passengers on the Teutonic.

London, Nov. 14.—The White Star
Line steamship Teutonic, which sails
from Liverpool Wednesday morning,
via Queenstown Nov. 16, for New
York, is to have among her passengers
J. Coleman Drayton and John Hays
Hammond, the American engineer
who belong to the Johannesburg re-
form committee.

May Save the Schooner.

Fire Island, Nov. 14.—Life-savers at
Oak Island life-saving station report
that the schooner Mary C. Stuart,
which went ashore near there on Sat-
urday, can be saved but that her car-
go of coal must be thrown overboard.

Mr. Hobart Rests Well.

Paterson, N. J., Nov. 14.—Vice-
President Hobart continues to im-
prove. He slept well last night and
was comfortable this morning. He
did not need medical attention during
the night.

Automobiles to Carry Boston Mail.

Boston, Nov. 14.—Acting Postmaster
Henderson is authority for the state-
ment that automobiles are soon to
take the place of the mail cars in use
on the Boston Elevated Railway.

The Deweys Leave New York.

New York, Nov. 14.—Admiral and
Mrs. Dewey left here to-day on their
return trip to Washington. They will
reach there home at the national cap-
ital this evening.

Opened to Foreign Trade.

Peking, Nov. 14.—Yo-Chou-Fu, at
the entrance to Tonting Lake, has
been formally opened to foreign trade.
This is the first port opened in the
anti-foreign Province of Hunan.

New Consul For Quebec.

Washington, Nov. 14.—The Presi-
dent has appointed Jesse H. Johnson,
of Texas to be consul of the United
States at Coaticook, Quebec, Canada.

Declared Another Dividend.

Boston, Nov. 14.—The directors of
the Osceola Mining Company have de-
clared a dividend of \$3 per share, mak-
ing \$6 per share for the year.

Buddhism in San Francisco.

San Francisco, Nov. 14.—Several
Buddhist missionaries are here to es-
tablish a temple of their faith in this
city.

WANT MORE TROOPS.

A BIG FORCE NEEDED TO WHIP THE BOERS.

From British Point of View the Situa-
tion in Natal is Improving—General
Methuen Pressing Forward to the
Aid of General White—The Latest
War News.

London, Nov. 14.—A dispatch from
Cape Town to the War Office an-
nounces the arrival there of the troop-
ship Armenian, with three batteries
of artillery and an ammunition col-
umn; the Nubia, with the Scots Guards
and half a battalion of the Northamp-
tonshire regiment, and the Oriental,
with the First Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
This brings the total number of re-
inforcements to 14,997, of which about
8,000 already are on the way to Dur-
ban. The Armenian and Hawarden
Castle have sailed and the Nubia prob-
ably will be ordered to proceed. Ten
more troopships, carrying 11,000 men,
are now due from Cape Town.

Boer Chances Weakened.

London, Nov. 14.—The simultaneous
attacks on Ladysmith, Mafeking and
Kimberley, are evidence that the
Boers realize that every day lessens
their chances of a successful in-
surrection. Any of the three British
strongholds, Gen. Joubert's chances
of reaching Pietermaritzburg may be
said to have vanished.

This is already reported to be ad-
mitted by Colonel Schiel, the German
officer commanding the Boer artillery,
who is supposed to have been largely
the author of the Boer plan of cam-
paign and who in an interview, is al-
leged to have said:

"The Boer intention was to have
captured Pietermaritzburg and then to
dictate terms. But all hope of accom-
plishing this must now be abandoned."
There is no doubt that, from the
British point of view, the general
situation in Natal is rapidly improv-
ing. Nearly 8,000 troops, reached
South Africa during the last forty-
eight hours and by the end of the
week from 6,000 to 7,000 more will be
added to the British strength in Natal.
These, probably will be put forward
to Estcourt, bringing the British
force there up to 10,000 men and mak-
ing a general attack on Ladysmith
by General Joubert very hazardous.

As the cavalry and artillery belong-
ing to General Methuen's division will

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FOR PORTSMOUTH AND PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS.

You want local news? Read the Herald. More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 15, 1899.

Last week was an eventful one for the Hon. John R. McLean of Ohio. He lost the governorship, but he won a fine brother in law.

While the British prospect at Ladysmith is black just now, it still be remembered that White is still there. The situation presents an interesting color study in war.

Pennsylvania's republican majority this year is only about 110,000. This dreadful shrinkage is due to the fact that the voters have so much business on hand that they couldn't take time to go to the polls.

Ten days ago the Ohio democrats, by their own account, had the Hon. Mark Hanna beaten clear out of his boots, but he, stubborn man that he is, refused to stay beaten. Mr. Hanna has acted very inconsiderately in this matter.

Two of the ablest editors in Chicago are hurling superheated epithets at each other as recklessly as if they were both born in Kentucky. When a Chicago journalist sets out to make life unpleasant for one of his esteemed contemporaries, the exhibition is generally more exciting than a horse show.

After a long period of service, during which she managed to get herself quite widely talked about in various parts of the world, the warship Olympia has gone out of commission at the Boston navy yard. It is generally agreed that she is fully entitled to a rest and some new shooting irons.

It is becoming clearer every day that Brigham H. Roberts, congressman-elect from Utah, will not be allowed to sit in the federal legislature. The public sentiment of the country, which is constantly growing in volume and earnestness, is dead against him. In the circumstance, the most prudent thing Roberts can do is to decline to make a contest.

David B. Henderson, the choice of the republican majority for speaker of the house of representatives, to succeed Mr. Reed, is receiving these days a large and miscellaneous assortment of pieces of advice and criticism. Mr. Henderson is told what he must do and what he mustn't do, if he desires, as of course he does, to achieve success as a presiding officer. We doubt not that Gen. Henderson duly appreciates the friendly interests thus evinced in his welfare. At the same time it may occur to him that since he has had abundant experience in congress, and very likely appreciates its true inwardness as well as any of the philanthropic persons who at present are offering him suggestions, their labors are just a trifle gratuitous, as it were.

LITERARY NOTES.

James H. West Co., Boston, have just published "The Little Heroes of Matanzas," by Mary B. Carrol, a vivid and pathetic tale of the recent war, founded on fact, full of side-lights on the sacrifices and distresses of the Cubans previous to American intervention. The author writes from personal knowledge of Cuba and its people, and the story is dramatic in a high degree. The writer intends that her profits from the book shall go to Cuban children made orphans in the recent struggle. Cloth, with frontispiece and illustrative cover, fifty cents.

"A Little Child shall lead them," by Alice L. Williams, has just been issued by James H. West Co., Boston, with two illustrations, paper covers, 15 cents. It is an attractive story of the Christmas time, recounting a wife's inability, and is introduced by an admirable treatment of the mission in the world of children in general. The little "Ralph" of the story was a real boy.

HOT ENGAGEMENT

Filipinos Hunted At San Fabian.

AMERICANS FOUGHT WHILE KNEE-DEEP IN MUD.

Sharpest Two Hours' Fight of the War.

MANILA, Nov. 14.—The sharpest two hours' engagement of the war took place five miles from San Fabian on Saturday between the Thirty-third infantry and an equal number of insurgents. The American loss was one officer and six men killed, one officer and twelve men wounded. Twenty-nine Filipinos were captured, along with one hundred rifles, and eighty one of their dead were found in the trenches. More were undoubtedly killed. General Wheaton learned that the insurgents were gathering in force at San Jacinto and the Thirty-third infantry was sent to disperse them. The battle found the worst road imaginable. A succession of creeks obliged frequent stops to repair ditches and men and horses wallowed waist deep in the mud. One hundred soldiers had to drag the Gatling gun, for it was impossible to handle the horses. The insurgents opened fire from the shelter of a coccop grove, when the American troops were up to their knees in the mud. Other insurgents poured in a cross fire from the houses and thickets. The insurgent sharpshooters picked off the officers first. The Thirty-third never wavered. Their accurate aim sent the enemy scattering like squirrels. Then the command deployed, with Major John A. Logan's battalion in the center, Cronin's on the right and Marsh's on the left, and the whole line, a mile long, advanced, maintaining a constant fire. The insurgents made an unexpectedly good stand till the Americans were within twenty feet. Then they broke and fled. They were fairly slaughtered in the pursuit. Marsh's men captured a Filipino battle-flag. The insurgents made for Dagupan. The Thirty-third could not follow far owing to exhaustion and a lack of supplies. An insurgent lieutenant colonel was among the killed. The Americans returned to San Fabian on Sunday. A proclamation from the Filipino secretary of war was found, alleging that the Americans had lost 7500 killed since the war began, and that 15,000 of them had been wounded. It is reported that Aginaldo, with an army estimated at 20,000 men, is heading for Dagupan. It is believed that he passed the line formed by Generals Wheaton and Young to him in and hopes to escape into the northwest. Owing to the wretched condition of the roads Wheaton will probably be unable to effect a junction with Young.

CREW OF CHARLESTON FIND NATIVES FRIENDLY.

MANILA, Nov. 14.—Further details re-



"JUST DRAGGING AROUND." How many thousands of women understand the sad and pitiful meaning of that simple phrase "Just dragging around." Women everywhere who feel that they have a work and a mission in this world will appreciate instantly the disheartened spirit of Mrs. Mattie Venhaus, of Toga, Hancock County, Illinois. "I had been sick for seven years," she says; "not in bed but just dragging myself around. At last I took three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and five of Golden Medical Discovery, and it is impossible to describe in words the good these medicines did me. My husband and I have taken a number of bottles and it is the only medicine that relieved my terrible headaches." Another lady, Mrs. R. P. Monfort of Lebanon, Warren Co., Ohio, says: "I think Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery the finest medicine on record. I have taken a number of bottles and it is the only medicine that relieved my terrible headaches." Every woman should write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. He will send them the best professional advice that can be had anywhere in America and entirely without charge. Neither the "Golden Medical Discovery" nor the "Favorite Prescription" contains any alcohol to inebriate or create a morbid craving for stimulants.

garding the wreck of the Charleston show that the officers and crew were put in a very disagreeable predicament when the cruiser came to grief on the uncharted reef ten miles from Vigan. They had only their pajamas and underclothing on when they abandoned the Charleston and went in a launch to a small island five miles away, and possessed only ten days' rations, two Colts and several rifles. When they landed upon the barren rocks they anticipated trouble with the natives, but instead found them very hospitable. Lieutenant McDonald and a number of sailors put off in a small boat and reached the Callao, which brought them to Manila. Lieutenant McDonald describes the Charleston when he last saw her as hard and fast aground, with her bottom badly stove and well out of water. The naval officers here think the wreck of the Charleston was quite unavoidable. They say the coast of Luzon is characterized very indifferently, and it is a wonder that more vessels are not wrecked there.

DISCUSSED THE GENEVA CONVENTION.

LONDON, Nov. 15, 4.30 A. M.—There is no additional news regarding the progress of hostilities in South Africa this morning, except a despatch from Mafeking, forwarded by a runner, dated Oct. 31st, which says that during the afternoon General Cronje, the Boer commander, sent an envoy to Col. Baden Powell, under a flag of truce, to declare that he did not consider that the Geneva convention authorized the flag of the Red Cross society to fly from several buildings at once in the town, and that in his opinion the employing of natives against whites, and use of dynamite mines were both opposed to. Col. Baden Powell replied that the Geneva convention did not stipulate the number of Red Cross flags permissible and that the Boers were only requested to respect the convent, the hospital and the Woman's Legion, all of which were beyond the town's limit. The British commander pointed out that mines were recognized as adjuncts of civilized warfare.

LORD SALISBURY PROTESTS.

LONDON, Nov. 15.—Lord Salisbury has written to the newspapers protesting against Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice's misquotation of his recent declaration at the Guildhall banquet, and again declaring that he did not wish to discuss "arrangements, which under conditions which are yet in the future, the government may think desirable." The letter refers to the phrase "we don't seek gold fields or territory," and is intended as a disavowal of the Daily Chronicle's interpretation that the government does not intend to annex the Transvaal.

TRANSPORT STUCK IN THE MUD.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—The Forty-third infantry arrived at the transport pier tonight from Fort Ethan Allen, Burlington, Vt. The last four companies were delayed a few hours, owing to a wreck on the Erie railroad. The men, numbering 1250, marched to the transport Meade, which is to convey them to the Philippines. The transport was stuck in the mud, and it is expected she will have to wait until four o'clock tomorrow morning for high tide before she can sail.

TO BE TRANSFERRED TO MRS. DEWEY.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—Preliminary steps have been taken to transfer to Mrs. Dewey the title to the Dewey home, No. 1747 Rhode Island avenue, which the American people presented to the admiral.

TO PROTECT AMERICAN INTERESTS.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—The U. S. S. Scorpion has sailed from Kingston for Cartagena, Colombia, to protect American interests in the revolution now under way in that country.

GONE TO WASHINGTON.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—Admiral and Mrs. Dewey left for Washington at 3:25 this afternoon on the Congressional limited.

HEAVY RAINS IN LUZON.

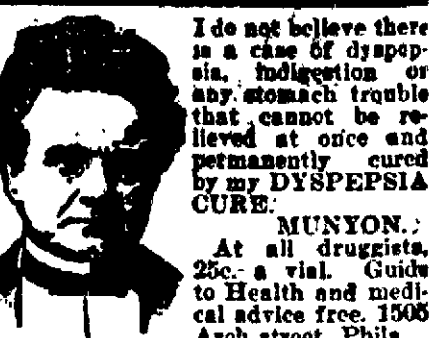
WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—Advice from General Otis inform the war department that the rains in the island of Luzon continue. There has been a fall of four inches this month.

THE VICE PRESIDENT'S CONDITION.

PATTERSON, N. J., Nov. 14.—Vice President Hobart passed a fairly good day today and tonight is resting quietly.

The discharge at the navy yard on Monday is to be regretted.

MUNYON'S



DYSPEPSIA CURE

TELEPHONE GIRL CAN'T LISTEN.

The work of cutting in a large new switchboard in the Brooklyn, N. Y., telephone exchange on Willoughby street was begun shortly before seven o'clock on Monday night and for over an hour while the work was being done the telephone service in certain parts of the city was badly crippled. The new board, which is one of the latest design, is equipped with what is known as the "common battery system" and does not require ringing for the central as is the case with the old system. When a person lifts the receiver off the hook of the telephone the drop falls in the exchange without turning the crank. Another feature of the new system that has met with favor is that it does not allow the "hello girl" to listen on the wire. When a person is through with the connection and hangs up the receiver a light flashes in the exchange, telling the operator that she can take the connection down. The constant interruption of "Are you through" is also done away with. This new device would be welcomed in this city.

THE INTERVIEWER.

Said a traveling man today: "That the great and general public still have a superstition in regard to Friday is nowhere more evident than in railroad circles. The number of people traveling on this day is far less than any other week day, and the falling off in the sales of passenger tickets is most apparent. Noticeable among the absentees are the ladies, and evidently the superstition in regard to traveling on Friday is much more predominant among the members of the fair sex than among the male members of the human family. Men who are mixed up in the rush and whirl of business do not have time to stop and think about the day or the week or its superstitions, and with traveling men who are knocking about the country week in and week out, all the days look alike to them."

ARMY RIFLES FOR THE NAVY.

The gradual elimination of the Lee rifle from use by the navy will begin soon by the issue to the service of 1,000 Krag-Jorgensen rifles of larger calibre, which have just been transferred by the army ordnance department to the navy. It is probable that part of this consignment of Krag-Jorgensen will be given to the battleship Kearsarge. This marks the beginning of the establishment of a uniform calibre for the army, the navy and the marine corps. While the naval officials do not admit that the Krag is superior to the Lee, they are willing to assist the desire to establish a uniform calibre. The Krag is approximately of calibre thirty and the Lee approximately of calibre twenty-three.

MOVEMENTS OF NAVAL VESSELS.

The gunboat Eagle is at Neuvielles, Cuba, the gunboat Monocacy at Shanghai, China, the gunboat Scorpion at Kingston, Jamaica, the training ship Adams at Whitcomb, Wash., and the Yankton on her way from Port Royal, S. C., to Gibara, Cuba. The armored cruiser Brooklyn arrived at Port Said on Sunday and left Port Tewfik, near that place for Aden, Arabia, on Monday. The cruiser New Orleans arrived at Port Said Sunday. The army hospital ship Missouri arrived at Colombo, Ceylon, on Sunday. All on board were well.

GLORIOUS NEWS.

Comes from Dr. D. B. Gargile of Washita, I. T. He writes: "Four bottles of Electric Bitters have cured Mrs. Brewer of eczema, which had caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face, and the best doctors could give no help; but her cure is complete and her health is excellent." This shows what thousands have proved, that Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It's the supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, helps digestion, builds up the strength. Only 50 cents. Sold by Globe Grocery Co. Guaranteed.

Years of suffering relieved in a night. Itching piles yield at once to the curative properties of Doan's Ointment. Never fails. At any drug store, 50 cents.

THEATRICAL HAPPENINGS.

KEITH'S THEATRE.

There is a perfect feast of good things promised at Keith's Boston theatre for the week beginning Nov. 30, including: Milton and Dollie Nobles, in a new and original farce, "A Blue Grass Widow;" Al Pilon and Lee Errol, in "A Tip on the Derby;" Moniere Sisters, in a wonderful exhibition of acrobatic work on triple horizontal bars; Lucy Holman Hinchcliffe, the celebrated female baritone; Tom and Hattie Bain, in one of their delightful Irish comedy sketches; Brunt and Riviere, French vocalists and mimics; Lydia Dreams, the noted English ventriloquist comedian; Bedini and Arthur, comedy acrobats, their first appearance here; Baby Lund, a marvelous juvenile entertainer, the Cosmopolitan trio, comedians and singers; Stanley and Wilson, dancers; Stella Rinehart, instrumentalist, and Claude Thardo, monologue comedian. Mme. Hermann, widow of the famous magician, is underlined for the week commencing Nov. 37, presenting many of her late husband's most mystifying illusions.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

Della Fox is so much improved that she will sail for Bermuda next week to pass the winter. The physicians say that her vitality is astounding. Tom Q. Seabrooke is to begin starring on the 23d inst., under A. E. Aaron's management in "Who Killed Cook Robin?" a farce comedy, by Cheever Goodwin and Louis Harrison.

ANOTHER HEARING.

Another hearing, involving the title to the estate of the late Ephraim Spinney of Kittery was held in the Wentworth hall in that town on Wednesday forenoon, before Judge Darbey.

WAYS OF CANTON PIRATES.

In China Their Business Is Neither Hard Nor Dangerous.

Probably never since Canton was open to foreign trade, says Mr. Consul Brennan in his report on the trade of the city, has piracy been so rife as during last year. The boldness of the pirates is, however, surpassed by the apathy of the provincial Government. Perhaps the word piracy is scarcely applicable to the acts of these adventurous robbers. They have no armed craft of their own with which to give chase and run down their victims. The usual plan is for a band of half a dozen men to go on board a passenger launch disguised as honest men. When a suitable spot is reached they throw off all disguise, overawe the crew and passengers by flourishing revolvers, and then half the party stand by ready to shoot while the rest proceed to search the passengers and their luggage, and when they have taken all they want they transfer themselves to another boat or land near a friendly village, where a division of the spoil takes place. They are not devoid of a certain chivalrous feeling. Cases have been known where, after having robbed some rich passengers and made a good haul, they have restored to the poorer passengers what had already been taken from them. On other occasions they have overpowered the master and crew of a launch and "borrowed" the use of the vessel for a few hours, during which they have overhauled a junk known to have valuables on board. Having pillaged the junk they have steamed away to their own village, and before landing they have offered to pay the master for the time his launch has been detained. The owners of passenger boats are now given to engaging some old pirate as a detective. He points out suspicious-looking characters whom it is better not to take on board, and keeps in check any of his own friends who may have been premeditating a coup. "St. James Budget."

A Gravy Bath for a Boor.

During the excitement of the recent South African elections two Dutchmen at a boarding house dinner table were eulogizing the superior virtues of their race as opposed to the English. Presently Queen Victoria was mentioned, when one exclaimed, "D-n Victoria." With that the Englishman who sat next to the offending Dutchman threw the whole contents of his plate on his head—meat, potatoes, cabbage and gravy. Every other boarder threw at him the article nearest at hand—a loaf of bread, a hot potato, or a jug of water—until the poor victim cried for mercy, which was granted him after withdrawing his words and making a suitable apology.

An Aristocratic Cat.

Chicago glories in a cat 19 years old that has eaten 2,950 worth of cooked turkey meat since "Tom" Major adopted it and gave it his name. The cat will eat nothing but turkey meat, save an occasional bit of calf's liver fried in butter, and is generally considered the feline aristocrat of the west.

Other a Fast Swimmer.

The otter is the fastest swimming quadruped known. In the water it exhibits an astonishing agility, swimming in a nearly horizontal position with the greatest ease, diving and darting along beneath the surface with a speed equal if not superior to that of many fishes.

On the Breakfast Table

In coffee, tea, chocolate, and in many delicious beverages, richness is added by the use of

Gail Borden Eagle Brand

CONDENSED MILK.

For more than forty years it has given perfect satisfaction to the American people.

SEND FOR BOOK ON "BANNER."

CONDENSED MILK CO., NEW YORK.

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, E. G. E.
Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St., Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.
Officers—Fred Gardner, N. C.; Charles F. Cole, V. C.; Thomas L. Dudley, H. P.; E. G. Olden, V. H.; Charles E. Oliver, S. H.; Orville E. Hawes, P. C.; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; Allison L. Plumey, C. of E.; True W. Priest, K. of E.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 8, O. U. A. M.
Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, every other Thursday.
Officers—Fred Joslyn, C.; Arthur Woodsum, V. C.; Thomas L. Spunney, Jr., Ex-C.; James E. Harold, Sr., Ex-C.; Frank Pike, R. S.; Frank C. Langley, F. S.; Edward Voudy, I. P.; William P. Gardner, O. P.

PORTSMOUTH LODGE, NO. 97, B. P. O. E.
Meets at Hall, Daniel St., Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month, except Second Tuesday of June, July and August, and Fourth Tuesday of September.
Officers—True W. Priest, E. R. H. B. Dow, T. I. R. Davis, S.

BSOR SENATE, NO. 602, K. A. E. O.
Meets in Pythian Hall, Second and Fourth Fridays in each month.
Officers—Excellent Senator, E. H. Voudy; Sr. Seneschal, Andrew O. Caswell; Jr. Seneschal, Joseph C. Pettigrew; Sacerdos, E. W. Voudy; Sr. Vigilante, John B. Forbes; Jr. Vigilante, Chas. H. Magraw; Rec. Sec., James E. Harold; Fin. Sec., Andrew O. Caswell; Treas., N. A. Walcott; Warder, W. P. Gardner; Trustees, F. C. Langley, Fred Wood, Oren Bragdon.

CITY OF PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, K. OF C.
Meets at K. of C. Hall, High St., First and Third Thursdays of each month.
Officers—J. H. Kirvan, G. K.; Geo. S. Kirvan, D. G. K.; Wm. McEvoy, C.; Dennis McGrath, W.; W. T. Morrissey, F. S.; W. F. Micott, R. S.; Daniel Casey, T.

OSGOOD LODGE, NO. 48, I. O. O. F.
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.
Officers—Horace P. Montgomery, N. G.; Charles H. Kehoe, V. G.; Howard Anderson, Sec.; Edwin B. Prime, Treas.; Albert C. Plumer, Fin. Sec.

The Degree Flag will be displayed when degrees are to be conferred. Watch for it. All brother Odd Fellows not members of the Lodge are cordially invited to attend the Lodge meetings and are assured a cordial greeting.

MUSIC HALL.

F. W. HARTFORD, MANAGER.

Prof. John Reynolds
FOR A FEW NIGHTS,
COMMENCING
FRIDAY EVENING, NOV. 17th.
Will Give An Exhibition Of His
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Presents the Great Boston and New York Success,
'WAY DOWN EAST'
As Played 6 Months at Tremont Theatre, Boston, and 7 Months at Manhattan Theatre, N. Y. City.
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Seats on sale Monday morning at 7:30.

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And has received the commendation of 27
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Many testimonials. Send 2 cent stamp for free
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PILE'S DIMOND'S PILE CURE

Is a SURE CURE to
Wet, Bleeding and Itching Piles. Sold
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Many testimonials. Send 2 cent stamp for free
sample and circular.

WAS HIT FIVE TIMES

SERGEANT HURLEY AT THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN HILL.

Although Perforated by Bullets, He Liked War's Excitement, and Does Not Mind Fever, Pneumonia, Etc.—So He Is Off for the Philippines.

Sergeant G. L. Hurley, formerly of the Seventy-first New York Volunteer, has not had his patriotic ardor quenched by five bullets which hit him in different parts of his anatomy. He recently enlisted in the Fortieth United States Volunteers, which will go to the Philippines to serve for twenty-one months, the time for which his members are enlisted.

Sergeant Hurley is a modest young fellow, apparently not at all anxious to talk about his exploits in Santiago. "Yes, I was hit five times in the charge up San Juan Hill," said he, in response to a question. "Once I thought I was gone, but the doctors pulled me through all right, although I had fever, pneumonia and almost everything else you can think of before I got well."

"I should think that when a man had undergone such an experience as you have that he would have had enough of war. I asked him for a generation," his visitor said, "but he is in charge up San Juan Hill," said he, in response to a question. "Once I thought I was gone, but the doctors pulled me through all right, although I had fever, pneumonia and almost everything else you can think of before I got well."

"I don't know what I can tell you about that charge up San Juan Hill. I've been written up in a hundred different ways already. I was only a private in the Seventy-first New York and only saw part of the fight. The boys in the Seventy-first were all fighters and anxious to go ahead. If some of the officers in the regiment had been a little more active we'd have made a better record."

"I guess all the boys were pretty well excited when the charge was made. I know I was. I didn't think a bullet could hurt me, and at the time I thought I was hit five times."

"All at once I felt my legs give way under me, and I knew I had been hit. I had a Mauser bullet in my right leg, and the other bullets had to carry me back to the firing line, and from there to the hospital, where my wound was dressed. I hadn't lost enough blood to make me very weak, and as soon as my leg was bandaged, up I got out of the hospital and went back to the front again."

"I was all right during the rest of the day until about 5 o'clock. Three other bullets hit me, but they didn't go deep, and I kept on fighting. One of them lodged in my arm, and the doctor had quite a time getting it out. They had to cut my arm open at two different places before they could find it. About 5 o'clock I got the wound that laid me out. It struck me in the neck and went straight through, coming out on the other side. After that I had to give up."

"The Seventy-first made a good record that day. We lost 22 killed and between 70 and 80 wounded, but it didn't discourage the boys a bit. There were soldiers dead and dying all about us on the hill that day, but we were all so excited that no one paid much attention to them, although we helped them as much as we could."

"After the battle I was laid up for five months in the hospitals in Santiago before being brought to the United States. We had a pretty hard time down there on account of the climate and the rats, but none of the boys kicked much. When I was brought back to New York I was in the hospital about four months. When I came out I was in fair shape, but my lungs were a little weak, and I came out west to recuperate. When I felt all right I wanted to go back to the army, for I liked the excitement, although I wouldn't like to be a soldier all my life."

After the Santiago campaign Hurley was made a sergeant. He enlisted as a private in the Fortieth, but his comrades say that on account of his reputation for bravery and experience as a soldier he will be made a sergeant when the regiment is organized. After he has served his term of enlistment in the Philippines, he says he will settle down in New York city, where he has lived for a long time.

TITIAN BRONZE.

New Popular Shade of Hair Is a Very Expensive Luxury.

Titian bronze, the new shade of hair, is still too much of a novelty to be common, but who has seen it and not longed for it because of that wonderful hue? It is too expensive an operation to have become the popular shade, and no amateur at hair dyeing can accomplish the desired result, so the fortunate few who possess locks of Titian bronze need have little fear of many dupes.

The art of hair dyeing has made tremendous strides within the last few years, and there are many artists in that line whose work defies criticism, another word for detection, but Americans, as a class, have not taken kindly to that sort of thing, and the remark that "she dyes her hair" is still considered by many as a term of reproach.

The Princess of Wales has a variety of wigs, which she changes with her toilet. On her return from a drive or reception another wig, with its accompanying wig, is in readiness, and that her locks are red to-day and brown to-morrow in no wise disconcerts the Princess. All such matters are regulated by custom, and the day may come when chemical hair dyes or exchangeable chignons will be part of every woman's wardrobe.

The best treatment for tired feet is a prolonged nightly foot bath in tepid water, to which a good-sized lump of ordinary washing soda may be added. A handful of bran in the bathing water will also make a restful foot bath.

"Pat" said his young wife, "I wish you wouldn't put your knife in your mouth when you eat."

"An' phewer would yes hev me put it," said Pat in astonishment—"in me eyes?"—Harper's Bazar.

SHOPLIFTING.

Ways That Are Dark and Tricks That Are Clever.

There is no section of criminals that displays such varied ingenuity as shoplifters, said a clever detective who has had a long experience of the fraternity; and I can assure you that many of them might give lessons in cunning to the most artful Chinese.

Shoplifting is a science that appeals largely to women. Their sex, to a certain extent, disarms suspicion, especially when, as is usual, they are elegantly dressed, and do their shopping in a well-appointed brougham. Their dress gives them unlimited scope for the concealment of small articles; and again, the game is so comparatively free from risk, for if they are caught red-handed, as a rule it simply means an awkward interview with the proprietor, and payment for the goods is required.

You see, it does not pay a fashionable shopkeeper to give his house a bad reputation as a haunt of thieves; and, further, many of the lady-lifters are women with some standing in society, who are either kleptomaniacs, or who cannot resist the sudden temptation of annexing a pretty thing without payment.

Ladies of this class are novices in the art, and are readily detected. A common practice with them is to slip a small article from the counter into their umbrellas when the assistant's back is turned. If detected, it is the simplest of accidents, and the culprit apologizes prettily, and restores the article.

One lady, who had quite a long and successful career at counter-stealing, was always accompanied by a little boy, ostensibly her daughter, carrying a large doll. The mother, who was young and pretty, and faultlessly dressed, would hold the doll while she was being served by a very natural and prudent clerk with a valuable doll which the child might drop at any moment; and when the assistant's attention was withdrawn she would slip into the hollow interior of the doll any small article, from a bottle of scent to an article of jewelry, that might be lying near her.

Of course, nearly all city firms employ women detectives, smartly dressed and of lady-like appearance, who mix with the crowd of purchasers, and have a very keen eye indeed for these speculations.

The tricks of the male shoplifter are much more varied and subtle than those of his female rival. A very common practice is to carry a stick or umbrella with a hollow receptacle at the top. A spring releases the silver or gold mounted top, the stolen article, which must naturally be small as it is valuable, is slipped into the padded hollow, and the top sprung back again into position.

A very skillful thief made a hiding-place in the hollow part of an artificial forearm into which he could palm an article with lightning rapidity. One of the latest devices is to wear a glove with a pocket or a series of pockets in the palm, and while examining small articles of jewelry, rings, brooches, gold pendants, and so on, to slip one or more into the concealed pocket by a practised movement of the fingers.

Another trick is to carry some adhesive substance in the palm of the glove, and by carefully resting the palm on an article of jewelry to the move it. The opportunities for exercising these tricks while the assistant's back is turned, or while he is attending to another customer, are many.

But much shoplifting is done with the help of a confederate, who stalks in casually while number one is making his purchases. One or two valuable articles are handed to the second customer, who is apparently quite a stranger to number one; and if the latter is suspected and searched, of course, nothing is found in his possession. Of still robberies, with smug and hooded faces, of false alarms which draw the shopkeeper in pursuit of imaginary thieves, leaving the real pilferer free to do his work, and of the hundred and one other artifices, it would require almost a volume to speak.

THE STAGE.

A Mirror of Fashion Where Correct Costumes Are Seen.

The stage continues to form the mirror of fashion. One scarcely need take in a fashion paper if one pays constant visits to the theatre. There one can study all the varieties of la mode and the latest and newest designs. Each play seems to have its own speciality in dress, its favorite color and its favorite dressmaker.

Possibly spectators never give a thought to the fact that these constant changes of costume form no inconceivable portion of the fatigue incurred by an actress in a long and heavy part. Dress cannot be shed or put on at will. Gowns must be laced and buttoned up, gloves, shoes, hats, petticoats be worn to match. It was different in the good old days when actresses shuffled one gown over another and fastened them lightly with a button. The Japanese costume is one of the most intricate. The real Japanese lady wears three gowns, one over the other, a small portion of each showing at the neck, the gowns being artistically shaded, say, from pale pink to deepest rose, or from violet to sky blue. The chemise, too, match, and a special touch of deep, contrasting color is given by the waistband.

A Dog Buried in Style.

Fanny, a Newfoundland dog that died in New York the other day, had a satin-lined coffin, with a bunch of lilies of the valley and forget-me-nots on her breast, in the home of her mistress, a widow, in Twenty-fourth street. The widow went bitterly out the afternoon, and then had her pet removed to a carriage, in which it was taken to a railway station and thence to the animal cemetery at Hartsdale. The bereaved widow will have a monument erected over the grave of the dog, and will lay fresh flowers upon it as often as she can spare the time. Grief takes many forms, and is suffered from all kinds of objects in a big community like that.

Russia has put in the field 155,000 cavalry to the 123,000 of Germany and Austria-Hungary combined.

CAUSES TROUBLE.

The Cross-eyed Stage Driver in New York.

The cross-eyed stage driver in Fifth street is a great uncertainty as to his intentions in regard to the patrons of his stage. They stand on the corners waiting until he nearly reaches them, and then the frantic gestures begin. The first time they signal they do not notice that he is cross-eyed, but as he approaches nearer and nearer the uncertainty grows upon them. They are not sure he saw them at all, or does see them or will see them. The past, present and future are all in a muddle, and while it is certainly his business to be on the lookout for patrons it is not at all certain that he will. Every one knows by experience that the drivers of public conveyances do not always keep their business eye on the corner, and who can tell whether a cross-eyed man may be looking?

As I rode on top of the cross-eyed driver's stage the other day I noticed the demoralizing effect of his glances. A bloated bondholder lifted his cane slightly as the stage ran toward him. He was quiet and dignified, but, was taken with the idea that the cross-eyed driver had perceived it either, and so he lifted it again and again, and it was each time a little higher, until it was waving frantically aloft. The stage stopped exactly where it would have stopped had he simply signalled once.

The next passenger was tall and thin, gaunt and prim and wore spectacles. She had a gaily-trimmed hat and tightly-fitting tailor-made costume. She held her handbag—a Boston bag—tightly in one hand, and raised the other stiffly from the elbow, holding one finger up. Then she jerked it back again, as if it were on springs. No other part of her body moved, but her eagle eye was on the face of the driver. Soon, in quick succession, she jerked that finger up again five times more, her face becoming sterner each time. It seemed as if she was thinking, "I wonder if he saw me!" "I do not believe he did!" "He is not even looking at me!" "He sees me now." "No, he does not, that eye is looking across the street." But suddenly the stage stops right in front of her.

A woman who looked as if she had just taken leave of a big family of children, and had not gotten over it, was waving the baby "by-by." Lifted her arms and waved her fingers up and down as if she was also saying "by-by" to the driver. Each time she increased the number of little waves and smiled sweetly and nodded her head pleasantly. Her amiability was irresistible, and, of course, the stage stopped for her.

In fact, the stage driver stops exactly at the right hand lower corner as it is valuable. It would stop just the same if only one sign was given, but the passengers seem to forget that it is the business of the stage to stop for them, and that the driver plans to get a focus on the corner of every block, although the exact mathematical combination of sight rays is not divulged to the intending patron.—N. Y. Herald.

Yachtsmen Who Never Hoist a Sail.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea has nothing to do with life aboard a yacht, as exemplified in the Bay Ridge Yacht Basin, in South Brooklyn, N. Y. There are five or six yachts there, one of them a roomy schooner craft, which for various reasons are not in commission this autumn. Nevertheless, the owners and their families or their crews live and sleep on board, and one shop are five young men who go to a skyscraper building in Nassau street every morning and take out two or three vivacious typewriter girls when work is over to make the evening merry. They rented the boat on conditions that they would not take her outside the basin, and hired a retired sea captain, who lives near the basin, to look after the boat during the day and to "mess" for them. They find it cheaper than paying board in the city and ever so much more comfortable. Three families wintered on yachts in Bay Ridge basin last winter, and they enjoyed the experiment so much that they talk of trying it again. Rough weather has no terror for them. One sloop, the Pearl, was housed above decks very much like those in the tales we read about Arctic expeditions. The families who live in this way were on terms of sociability and visited every night for games of cards. When the basin was frozen over a night they came sailing party, with a pig and supper below decks as a windup. There are still novelties to look for persons who know where to look for them.

Starting a Blast Furnace.

Few persons who have not actually run a blast furnace realize what it means to fill the capacious maw of one of those monsters. A stack of 200 tons daily capacity, running on 50 per cent. ore, must have delivered to it each day something more than 400 tons of ore, 250 to 300 tons of coke, and over 100 tons of limestone, besides sand, coal and minor supplies—say 900 tons of raw materials. Add the 200 tons of pig iron produce shipped out, and we have a daily freight movement of 1,100 tons, taking no note of the disposition of the slag. The mining of the ore requires the labor of 150 to 200 men; the coal mining, coke making, quarrying of limestone and transportation, at least 300 more. The furnace itself employs 150 or more hands. Starting up a furnace of ordinary capacity, therefore, calls immediately for the labor of nearly a thousand men; for the use at least of nearly a thousand railroad cars and many locomotives; for perhaps several steamers and vessels on the lakes; for capital, from the mines to the pig iron, of one or two millions of dollars; and last, not least, for a high order of managing ability.—Engineering Magazine.

He Did.

"Edgar A. Poe was the first great war correspondent."

"How do you make that out?"

"Didn't he get in a lick at the 'unseen censor'?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Second Nature.

"Those colored baseball players are always on the 'town.'"

"Yes; for a 'town,' no doubt."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE HABITS OF FISH.

WAYS OF THE SALMON, THE COD AND THE BLUEFISH.

Some Are Romantic, But Others Are Practical—The Cod Is Actually Ridiculous—Claims Are Silly, of Course—Bluefish Are Warlike.

It is not too much to say that in some ways the love of salmon passeth that of women. To reach the object of their affection they perform feats and undergo hardships greater than any man could do or bear, and to maintain it they fight with a courage and fury which might make many soldiers envious.

The salmon trials begin when they first leave the sea on their long upriver journey to meet their sweethearts. Presently, perhaps, they meet a high waterfall. Then the salmon backs away as far as possible, makes a local motive-like push and leaps for the top. He actually whizzes through the air, his tail is moving like lightning, his scales shine like silver on emerald. Perhaps he falls to reach the top by a foot, but he catches the water, hangs suspended for a moment, and then with miraculous strength forces his way up and reaches the quiet water beyond.

Perhaps the next waterfall is five feet higher, and the salmon leaps in vain. Then, finding that the top of the Reble, he actually climbs the sides, jumping up from ledge to ledge and resting in little pools until the water above is reached. Then he goes on pushing through rapids and bounding over shallows until the spawning ground is reached. In many of the larger rivers of this continent the salmon is no beauty when he reaches his journey's end. His scales, perhaps, are torn off his fins are ragged and his body is a mass of bruises, but nevertheless he wows his ladylove coldly, caresses her tenderly, fights his rivals fiercely and wins his bride like a soldier.

But all fish are not so romantic. The codfish, for instance, is unsentimental and actually ridiculous. He is a great, gray, ugly fish, and his name itself is absurd. If there was such a thing as submarine humor he would figure in it as the goat does in our comics. The codfish has, in fact, an appetite which makes the goat's look tame, and which the fishermen call the "fish open" they assert that they often find such things as scissors, suspender buckles, horse-shoes, potato parings, old cans, door-knobs, marlin spikes, corn cobs and India rubber shoes.

Another startling story told by fishermen is that in heavy weather codfish eat stones to balance them, but it is more likely that these rocks are taken in while attached to sea anemones, of which the codfish are very fond. It may be inferred that codfish do not object to nibble the fingers or hands of human beings, because the wedding ring of a drowned woman was found in a cod's stomach, and the finder got £50 reward for its return.

Oysters and clams in the shell are very popular with the codfish, and there are vast heaps of dead shells in the ocean, "nested" together like strawberry boxes, which are believed to have once been in the stomachs of codfish. The appetites of these fish are insatiable. They will fill their stomachs with the gutters and fill their mouths with food and still try to get more.

If people knew more about the fish they eat it is possible that the slice of "baked blue" might fill many a man with shuddering horror, for the bluefish is perhaps the most terrible and bloodthirsty thing in all nature. The tiger has a sweet and cheerful disposition compared to the bluefish, the shark seems a phlegmatic and amiable creature, and the wolf, by comparison, is positively mild. The bluefish make menhaden their special prey. When a school of these fish perceive bluefish near they swim away with such terrific haste that the ocean foams under them, but the bluefish cannot be deterred. They rush among the helpless menhaden, biting, tearing, thrashing and even throwing them into the air.

They do not stop to swallow their prey, but kill purely for the love of slaughter. The sea is reddened with blood and dotted with dead fish, but bluefish kill on until exhaustion stops them or until they are chased get into such shallow water that the bluefish do not care to follow. Sometimes these helpless fish are so blind with terror that they swim ashore and are piled up in windrows a foot deep.

The bluefish do not eat one-tenth of the fish they kill, although when surfeited they are believed by some people to disgorge their food in order to take in another meal. It is estimated that during a fair season 1,000,000 bluefish are caught between New Jersey and Monomoy, and that about 399,000,000 remain uncaught. Thirty or forty fish are eaten by one bluefish in the stomach of one bluefish, but placing a bluefish's kill at only ten per day it will be seen that during their four months' yearly stay on the New England coast they destroy about 1,200,000,000,000 fish and that is excluding the vast numbers of minute fish eaten by little bluefish, which are not included in the estimate. Carried into avoidproofs it is calculated that 2,500,000,000 pounds of fish are eaten daily by bluefish. Nevertheless, they are handsome and graceful fish. Very little is known of their other habits, but they are so nervous while in captivity that they develop corns on their noses by trying to push the latter through the glass sides of their tanks.—Los Angeles Times.

Bank Notes Destroyed.

The Bank of England destroys about 250,000 of its notes every week, to replace them with freshly printed ones. One evening in each week is set apart for the making of this expensive bonfire.

Drink in France.

Since the sale of alcoholic liquors in France has been restricted, the number of drinking places have increased, until now there is one saloon for 35 inhabitants.

A scientist has calculated that the eyeblids of the average man open and shut no fewer than 4,000,000 times in the course of a single year of his existence.

Chinese Would Fight Filipinos.

Sayke, Nov. 14.—Li Hung Chang says China would not object to American enlisting several regiments of Chinese to fight Filipinos if they were recruited in the Philippines with the knowledge and consent of the Chinese Consul.

Thousands Dying of Famine.

Shanghai, Nov. 14.—Thousands of native Christians are dying from famine in Che Kiang Province. Last summer this region was thrice visited by floods, destroying thousands of homes and entirely ruining the cotton crop.

BOY CONFESSES MURDER.

Charles Cross Tells How He Took Mrs. King's Life.

Stamford, Conn., Nov. 14.—The inquest into the murder of Mrs. Sarah C. King is in progress. Just before the opening of the proceedings it was learned that Charles Cross, the seventeen-year-old boy who is under arrest on suspicion of having caused the woman's death, had made a confession. Some time ago the lad had been closely to the story told by him originally, in which he denied his guilt. Finally, however, he was induced to confess and he made a statement to Detective Rogers. The boy stated that on the night in question he waited until Mrs. King had retired. He then entered her room and undertook to overpower her. She resisted fiercely, whereupon he hurled her to the floor and struck her head against the floor several times.

She became unconscious and he lifted her body to the bed, immediately leaving the house to notify neighbors that the woman had been murdered. State's Attorney Fessenden has admitted that Cross has made a confession.

Tangle Grows in Magnitude.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 14.—The tangle growing out of last week's election grows worse with each day. The work of the County Boards of Canvassers discloses little information to clear the situation. Chairman Long of the Republican Campaign Committee repeats his claim of a plurality of 3,111 for Taylor, based on official returns from 110 counties and unofficial returns from the remaining 9. The Democratic papers and leaders here have ceased to give figures, but dispatches from Frankfort quote Candidate Goebel and other party leaders as saying they are confident of the success of the Kentucky County man. Both sides are still claiming fraud was committed and the end of the trouble seems to be a long way off.

Invalid Carried Through Fire.

Peekskill, N. Y., Nov. 14.—Mrs. Alfred Williams, an invalid, narrowly escaped being burned to death in her home in Main street here Monday. A fire started near the front door, and the smoke, ascending to the upper apartments, awakened Mrs. Williams. She called to her husband, but he being deaf she was unable to arouse him. Her cries finally awakened other members of the family, and she was carried through the flames to the rear entrance. Her hands and face were burned, but not seriously. Her husband also was rescued.

Fired at the Women.

Scranton, Pa., Nov. 14.—Charles E. Cahill, a non-union miner at Old Forge, while on his way to work was jeered at by about 100 women and children. Becoming angered, he drew a revolver and fired four shots into the crowd. None of the shots took effect. The prompt arrival of deputies prevented further trouble. A conference was held between the operators and strikers. After the meeting neither side would discuss the proceedings, but it is known that no settlement was reached.

Supreme Court Recess.

Washington, Nov. 14.—Chief Justice Fuller announces that the Supreme Court, on Monday next, will take a recess until Dec. 4. The case of *Evans J. Knowlton, et al., executors, &c.*, vs. *Frank R. Moore*, collector of Internal Revenue at Brooklyn, N. Y., involving the inheritance tax provision in the War Revenue bill, was advanced to be heard with the case previously docketed from Chicago.

Mince Pies Poisoned Them.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 14.—Two persons are dead a third is seriously ill in Kansas City, Kan., from eating mince pies, which it seems, contained ptomaine poisoning. The pies were eaten at dinner Sunday evening. G. W. Hoffman, aged seventy-two years, a carpenter, and his son-in-law, John Salmon, aged forty-five years, died after hours of agony. Mrs. Hoffman is critically ill.

Lassied an Insane Man.

Chillicothe, O., Nov. 14.—Sherman Parker, a well-known resident of Greenland, went violently insane, and armed with a gun and an ax proceeded to clean out the village. He ran everybody before him, and was creating havoc when a party of men secured a lot of clothes line and finally succeeded in lassoing him. He was securely bound and kept so until the Sheriff came.

Had Three Well Developed Lungs.

Norristown, Penn., Nov. 14.—Three well developed lungs were found in the body of Frank McDermott, when Coroner's Physician Miller performed an autopsy. The man had been discovered dead along the Pennsylvania Railroad near Haverford, and it was evident that his demise was due to valvular disease of the heart.

Thousands Hear Moody.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 14.—Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, who began an eight-day revival service here Sunday, spoke to 30,000 people at Convention Hall, Monday afternoon and evening. Four thousand people were unable to gain admission.

Dying From Kitten Bite.

Ash Grove, Ill., Nov. 14.—Mrs. Kate Reese is dying here from blood poisoning resulting from the bite of a kitten. The pet recently tore Mrs. Reese's fingers. The woman's body is frightfully swollen and she suffers great agony.

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When Pain Racks the Body

Frank Long, who lives near Lennon, Mich., says "I was taken with the pain in my back, and I was obliged to take to my bed. The physician pronounced my case muscular rheumatism accompanied by lumbago. I gradually became worse, until I thought death would be welcome release. I was finally induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and after using five boxes, was entirely cured."

"I am confident that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life. I will gladly answer inquiries concerning my ailment, and wonderful cure, provided stamp be enclosed for reply."

"FRANK LONG."

Sworn to before me at Venice, Mich., this 15th day of April, 1898.

G. B. GOLDSMITH, Justice of the Peace.

From the Observer, Rushing, Mich.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are new, sold by the dozen or hundred, but always in packages. At all druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Springfield, N. Y., 50 cents per box, 5 boxes \$2.50.

THE

FRANK JONES BREWING CO.

OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Have just completed a new system for bottling the

-OLD INDIA-

-PALE ALE-

It is bright and sparkling and has a nice creamy taste, and is prescribed by the doctors generally as a sedative for nervous people. There are but few medicines equal to this. Many people who are weaker find that a glass taken at night secures them a continuing and refreshing sleep. Ask your grocer for boxes and samples at his equal.

Directions:—One small glass full four times a day, before eating and going to bed.

It is as good as well as a medicine. It is bottled by the Newfields Bottling Co.,

It is put up in cases of two dozen pints.

For further particulars write to the

Newfields Bottling Co.,

NEWFIELDS, N. H.

PORTSMOUTH POST OFFICE.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From New York, West and South, 10:00 a. m., 5:00 p. m.

Boston, 10:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 5:30, 6:40 p. m.

All points East, 9:50 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 5:30, 6:40 p. m.

Portland and way stations, 10:00 a. m., 5:00 p. m.

White Mountains, 8:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 5:30 p. m.

Concord and way stations, 10:30 a. m., 5:30 p. m.

North Conway and way stations, 11:00 a. m., 5:00 p. m.

Manchester and way stations, 9:00, 12:30 a. m., 4:00 p. m.

Concord and way stations, 9:30 a. m., 5:30 p. m.

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Manchester and way stations, 9:00, 12:30 a. m., 4:00 p. m.

Concord and way stations, 9:30 a. m., 5:30 p.

Outing Flannel Night Robes.

Ladies'
Gent's
Children's

LEWIS E. STAPLES,
7 Market Street.

For Attractiveness

There Is No Better Store
In The State.

There neatness goes
with attractiveness in
making our store a
pleasure to visit for

RELINABLE AND PURE DRUGS.

We have no competi-
tor in the prescription
department.

Goodwin E. Philbrick
Franklin Block,
Portsmouth, N. H.

SICKNESS INSURANCE

Combined With

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

Covering nearly all of the most
serious diseases and every
possible accident. Particulars
at

TOBEY'S
Real Estate Agency,
32 Congress Street,

The scarcity and continued high
price of Havana tobacco has had no
effect on the quantity of

THE CELEBRATED

7-20-4

10 CENT CIGARS.

They have always maintained their
high standard. Strictly hand-made
Sumatra wrapper and long Havana
filler. For sale by all first-class dealers

At Wholesale in Portsmouth by
LEO S. WENDALL, J. H. SWETT,
Deer and Market Sts. Bridge 8

R. C. SULLIVAN,
MANUFACTURER,
Manchester, N. H.

Stoddard's
Stable

HAS BEEN FITTED OUT IN
NEW CARRIAGES.

You can get the handiest and most
comfortable turn-out in the state at

STODDARD'S.

NEW HACKS, FOR WEDDINGS AND
OTHER PARTIES.

TELEPHONE 1-2.

SALE AND LIVERY BUSINESS

THE HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 15, 1909.

THE DRUG CLERK'S JOKE.

Five of the best and sweetest girls in
all the city dropped into a drug store
last evening for some hot soda, just as a
very good, though poor and bashful
youth, was on his way out. The young
man knew and exchanged a bow of
recognition with one of the young
ladies, who cautioned him as he passed
out to "hurry into the cold."

"It's quite a busy night," said the
youth, who enjoys no seventh day break
in his labors.

"Busy, Oh, that's all right," put in a
good looking clerk, from his place be-
hind the counter. "Don't you believe
him, girls, he's afraid that if he remains
he may have to treat on hot soda."

Now as the young man knew only
one of the girls, and as the clerk was
volunteering a questionable ally with
out having been taken into the conver-
sation, it seemed a case for remon-
strance.

It may have been the proper thing to
have paid no attention to the remark,
but the party of the second part, being
true blue, returned from the doorway
and offered to buy soda all around or to
go in on an even split in five boxes of
candy. Whereupon the numerous clerk
faded away to the unknown regions of
the back shop.

WHY DISEASES ARE CHRONIC.

Diseases are called chronic when they
linger along without getting better, the
system becoming weaker through loss
of vitality. Chronic diseases signify
improper treatment. This is especially
evident in nervous troubles, and the
various weaknesses of both men and
women. Dr. Greene, of Nervura fame, the
leading specialist in curing nervous and
chronic complaints, is noted for pheno-
menal success in curing chronic cases.
Dr. Greene wants to examine all cases
that ordinary practitioners have failed
to cure. He offers free consultation and
advice to all who call at his office, 34
Temple Place, Boston, Mass., and to all
who write to him. Just think of this
opportunity to consult a regular physi-
cian of world wide reputation absolute-
ly free. Write to Dr. Greene at once
about your case.

INSPECTING NAVAL STATIONS.

Senator Eugene Hale of Maine, chair-
man of the senate committee on naval
affairs, and ex-Secretary of the Navy
William E. Chandler, a member of the
committee, called on Rear Admiral
Sampson at the Charlestown navy yard
on Tuesday.

Mr. Hale and Mr. Chandler are mak-
ing a tour of the various navy yards in
order to acquaint themselves personally
with conditions therein before congress
meets next month. They appear to be
interested especially in possibilities for
improvement consistent with economi-
cal and judicious administration of the
navy department.

ANOTHER TIME-TABLE ON THE ELECTRIC ROAD.

Next Saturday, the present schedule
of the Portsmouth electric railway will
be superseded by that which was in
force in September. It is believed that
that time table is better adapted to the
accommodation of the public, so the
management of the road will readopt
it.

WANTS TO PLAY P. A. A.

The Exeter football eleven has organ-
ized and will play any team in the state.
F. A. A. team of Portsmouth preferred.
The players are Damsell C. Smith, ex-
captain, Ritchie H. McHugh (capt),
rt. L. Bird, R. D. Tewhill, McLaughlin,
lib. DeMeritt, rib. R. Stackpole, fb.
J. McLaughlin qb and manager.—Ex-
eter Gazette.

THE APPETITE OF A GOAT.

Is envied by all poor dyspeptics whose
Stomach and Liver are out of order. All
such should know that Dr. King's New
Life Pills, the wonderful Stomach and
Liver Remedy, gives a splendid appe-
tite, sound digestion and a regular bodi-
ly habit that insures perfect health and
great energy. Only 25c. at Globe Gro-
cery Co.

EMPLOYING MEN ON THE DOCK.

Lee Treadwell, the dry dock contrac-
tor is now employing men to go to
work on the new dock next week. He
was at the navy yard all day Tuesday,
and made all arrangements with Civil
Engineer Gregory.

What's the secret of happy, vigorous
health? Simply keeping the bowels,
the stomach, the liver and kidneys
strong and active. Burdock Blood Bit-
ters does it.

BRACHAN'S PILLS for Stomach and
Liver Ills.

SWINDLED OTHERS.

B. F. Mugridge Not The Only Victim
of Clever Forger

B. F. Mugridge of this city was not
the only man who was swindled out of
a substantial sum by the clever forger
who operated here, as told in last Sat-
urday's Herald.

Another bogus check was received at
the York National bank, York, yester-
day, and proved to be the work of the
same fellow that obtained \$40 from Mr.
Mugridge.

The check was received from a Dover
man who gave up \$10 for the worthless
paper which had the name of F. A.
Ellis forged to it.

The Dover man victimized is a Cen-
tral street business man and cashed the
forged check as an accommodation for
the swindler, who claimed to live in
Portsmouth.

The York bank at once notified the
Dover man that the check was worth-
less.

It seems that merchants should use
the greatest caution in accommodating
strangers, on such slight pretenses and
make it a rule to require positive identi-
fication by some reliable second person,
known to the man who pays out the
money.

From Dover the bogus check artist
was traced to Biddford and the police
are on the hunt for him, having a good
description. The Biddford police say
he lives in Saco, but they decline to
make known his name until they are
satisfied beyond a doubt that he is the
guilty party.

The police believe this man had some-
thing to do with the bogus check
swindle in this city. Saco and Old Or-
chard a number of weeks ago, and an
effort will be made to capture him.

INJURIES WERE FATAL.

Charles W. Jones Dies at Cottage
Hospital, From Accident.

Charles W. Jones, the young team-
ster who fell from one of Hett Bros.
job wagons in Exeter on Monday, the
6th instant, and received terrible frac-
tures of the bone of the right leg, died
at the Cottage hospital in this city early
this forenoon, having never recovered
sufficiently to give encouragement after
the amputation of the member on Mon-
day last. His age was twenty-two years.

He was the son of the late Enoch
Jones, a well known teamster and is
survived by a mother, two sisters and a
brother. The body was cared for by
Undertaker O. W. Ham and taken to
the home of a sister on Hanover street.
Young Jones is highly spoken of by
his fellow workmen as having been in-
dustrious, honest and genial and his
death comes as a severe blow to his
mother who has lost a dutiful son.

SERIES OF ACCIDENTS.

Herbert Seawards of Kittery Point
was the victim of a painful accident
while running a big planer in the joiner
shop this morning. A piece of the
machinery broke striking him on the
head.

Frank Bray employed on the electric
power plant building was knocked
down by a heavy piece of granite and
badly bruised about the legs. He was
conveyed to his home in the yard am-
bulance.

Edward B. Baker of Newcastle em-
ployed as a driller in the department of
construction and repair was badly in-
jured on Tuesday by a fall on the
Raleigh.

HARBOR FRONT NEWS.

The schooner Mary Willey, Williams,
from Bangor arrived today with lumber
for J. H. Broughton.

The big and powerful tug Paoli,
Myrtle, arrived here Wednesday morn-
ing from Rockland and tied up at the
Jones wharf to await the empty coal
barge Wayne, for Philadelphia.

The barge Indian Ridge, Woodhouse,
Philadelphia with a cargo of coal for J.
A. and A. W. Walker, arrived Wednes-
day.

The following vessels were reported
in the lower harbor Wednesday morn-
ing: David S. Siner, Fernald, Frankfort,
New York, stone; Genesta, Scott, St.
John, New York, lumber; Annie M.
Preble, Calais, Westport, lumber.

CONGRESSMAN SULLOWAY AT NAVY YARD.

Congressman C. A. Sulloway was a
visitor at the navy yard today, making
a personal inspection of the depart-
ment and going over the cruiser Raleigh,
and noting suggestions for needed im-
provements.

OBSEQUIES.

The funeral of Mrs. B. G. Anderson
was held at the home of her daughter,
Mrs. Albert R. Jenkins on Middle street
at 2:30 this afternoon the Rev. Myron
Tyler of the Court street Christian
church officiating. The interment was
in Harmony grove cemetery by Under-
taker Nickerson.

CITY BRIEFS.

This has been a quiet week socially.
The small boy is hoping for skating
by Thanksgiving day.

It isn't winter yet; a lot more Indian
summer weather is due.
No arrests were made on Tuesday
evening, up to midnight.

An extra car will run to York at the
close of "Way Down East."

The board of fire engineers held a
meeting on Tuesday evening.

It is estimated that the ground is
frozen from one to two inches.

The Concord whist team will play the
Warwick club on Friday evening.

Much interest in the result in Ken-
tucky still obtains about the city.

The footballists do not exactly fancy
snow, but it's softer than frozen mud.

Clothing and footwear are both in
lively demand with the coming of the
snow.

The cold weather has greatly in-
creased the attendance at the various
clubs.

Conner, photographer studio, (for-
merly Nickerson's,) No. 1 Congress
street.

The turkeys are now having a regu-
lar Thanksgiving dinner, every day in
the week.

"Going out to look at the meteors"
this week will cover a multitude of
wanderings.

The postponed horse trot will be held
at Rockingham park, tomorrow, Thurs-
day, afternoon.

Concord has fifteen cases of "pedicu-
losis," a disease that follows in the wake
of scarlet fever.

Christmas is drawing nearer and the
little ones are anticipating what the day
will bring forth.

School house janitors have had hard
work keeping their buildings warm for
the last two days.

This is the kind of weather the pou-
ltry dealers would like to see last until
after Thanksgiving.

The "S. G." Londres is made of the
choicest stock and is the best ten cent
cigar in the market.

The date for Chief Boatswain W. L.
Hill's lecture on the battle of Santiago,
has not been fixed as yet.

Rubber heels become very popular
and John G. Mott is fitting out the lo-
cal public with an excellent article.

The motormen have found the vesti-
buled cars to be just about the proper
thing during the past forty-eight hours.

The wrecked cruiser Charleston had
never visited this port and was one of
the strangers of the new navy to Port-
smouth people.

The common council will meet on
Thursday evening to take action on the
electric light contract passed by the
board of aldermen at its last meeting.

George W. Marston, the veteran
journalist of this city has a fine poem
entitled "Thundering Guns" in the
Pinchurst, (N. C.) Outlook, this week.

A party of eight local foot ball enthu-
siasts will attend the Harvard-Yale
game in Cambridge next Saturday af-
ternoon. Joe Hoxie will chaperon the
party.

There will be no foot ball game at the
south end grounds next Saturday, most
of the players preferring to witness the
big Harvard and Yale game in Cam-
bridge.

The inspectors of the Boston & Maine
railroad are examining the eyesight,
hearing and watches of section and sta-
tion men throughout the New Hamp-
shire section of the road.

The man who slipped on the sidewalk
Tuesday night and struck on the back
of his head is authority for the state-
ment that for a moment the heavens
were filled with falling stars.

The young man who invites a young
woman to set up with him to see the
meteors tonight must not spend too
much time gazing deep into her starry
eyes, if he wants to be sure to see the
exhibition in the heavens.

Mrs. Helen E. Wood of the Grafton
club, Portsmouth, delivered a very in-
teresting on "Music" before a meet-
ing of the Dover Woman's club at Grand
Army hall Dover yesterday afternoon.
Following the lecture a social hour was
enjoyed.

There is no doubt that the recent ex-
periment of making home made sau-
sage by the Globe Grocery Co's., new
electric machine is quite a success, as a
number of native hogs used up daily is
making quite a market for the country
people who raise pork.

Boatswain Hill, U. S. N., delivered an
interesting lecture on the destruction of
Cervera's fleet, at the first Methodist
church in North Kittery on Tuesday
evening. W. I. Trafton of this city il-
lustrated the same with his stereop-
ticon.

The amount of Floral Designs being
received daily by the Globe Grocery
Co. shows that Portsmouth is getting to
quite a center for flowers, and that the
custom of sending to Boston for them
has gone by, when such fresh and ele-
gant ones can be had right at home.

ENTERS THE MINISTRY.

Ralph Holbrooke Cheever of This
City Ordained at Saugus.

At the Universalist church in Saugus,
Mass., on Monday evening, Ralph Hol-
brooke Cheever of this city was or-
dained to the office of the Christian
ministry and was afterward installed
pastor of the church.

The installation exercises were of the
most impressive and interesting charac-
ter. The Rev. Edward C. Bolles, D.
D., extended the fellowship of the
church, and the Rev. John C. Labaree,
Congregationalist, extended the wel-
come of the Saugus churches.

The Rev. Frank O. Hall gave the
charge to the minister (and Prof. War-
ren S. Woodbridge gave the charge to
the people, the new pastor pronouncing
the benediction.

The Rev. Ralph Holbrooke Cheever
was born in this city, the son of Mr.
and Mrs. Joseph Cheever of Daniel
street, and belongs to one of the fine
old families of this historic settlement.

On his father's side he is descended
from Ezekiel Cheever, the celebrated
New England pedagogue. On his
mother's side the family is traced back
to the son of a wealthy Irish lord, who
came to America and was given a grant
of land in Maine by the English king.

He comes of a family which is noted
for its clergymen. His grandfather,
Benjamin Cheever, was an ardent aboli-
tionist, and a warm personal friend of
Garrison, Phillips and other distin-
guished men of that period.

He is a graduate of the Portsmouth
High school, Tufts college and Tufts
Divinity school.

Members of the family and a number
of friends and former schoolmates from
this city were present at the exercises.

LOST THEIR MONEY.

Local Milk Producers Who "Com-
bined," Did Not Profit.

The "New England Milk Producers"
company," which several Portsmouth
dealers thought they had entered into,
is a complete failure, as recently pre-
dicted.

The farmers lose all the money they
invested, some thousands of dollars, and
the milk traffic in Boston remains un-
disturbed.

It appears that the company was the
creation of a professional promoter from
New York, who described himself to the
farmers as an organizer of trusts. His
announced purpose was to curtail the
cost of management; to absorb the con-
tracting firms in Boston and to give the
farmers a higher price for their milk,
and at the same time a profit at the
other end by making them shareholders
in the corporation that was to buy and
distribute the product.

Business was to have begun Oct. 1,
but it did not, and the money provided
by the farmers was nearly all expended
in salary and expenses by the promoters
of the trust.

NO METEORS SEEN.

Clouded Sky Shut off the View, If
They Happened.

Portsmouth people who were expect-
ing and wishing for a brilliant display
of meteors this morning after the con-
stellation Leo appeared over the north-
eastern horizon, were greatly disap-
pointed when the thickening haze of
last evening developed into clouds that
hid the moon later, for even if the ad-
vance guard of the expected fiery visi-
tors had appeared, no one here could
have seen them.

According to the best astronomical
calculations the swarm is not due until
Thursday morning and the prospects to-
day are equally discouraging, although
there is yet time for a west wind to
sweep away the curtain that hides even
the sun.

Arrangements were made for the
sounding of the fire alarm last night
and it is expected that the arrangement
will remain in force tonight, if favora-
ble weather should occur.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. S. P. Bailey.

News was received here on Tuesday
evening, of the sudden death of Mrs. S.
P. Bailey, at her home in Manchester,
shortly after noon. Deceased is the
mother of George A. Bailey, private
secretary of Congressman Sulloway, and
was well-known in this city, being a
frequent visitor here. She has not been
feeling well for some time past and has
suffered more or less with heart trouble.

TURN-TABLE TROUBLE.

While the engine on the Concord
train scheduled to leave here at 8:30 a.
m., was in the turn-table at the round-
house this morning, the table broke
down and delayed the start until 9:05.

A bad runaway was narrowly averted
on Congress street on Tuesday fore-
noon.

PERSONALS.

Elvin Newton went to Manchester on
Tuesday on a short visit.

Former city clerk Mercer Goodrich,
now of Lynn, is visiting here.

Rear Admiral George O. Ramey, U.
S. N., was in Boston on Tuesday.

Harry Goodwin, the well known trav-
eling man, was in town on Tuesday.

Mrs. Albert Lee is the guest of rela-
tives in Lynn, Mass., her former home.

James M. Goodrich of this city has
been granted an original pension of six
dollars per month.

Col. Daniel Hall, E. R. Brown,
Charles A. Faxon and I. Smith Brew-
ster of Dover were visitors here today.

A. N. Messer of Haverhill, well-
known in this city, is clerking again
this winter at the Holly Inn, Pine-
hurst, N. C.

On board the U. S. S. Charleston at
the time she was wrecked was Captain
Melvin J. Shaw, U. S. M. C., formerly
stationed at this navy yard.

The marriage of Alfred M. Burton,
mechanical engineer at the Jones power
station and Miss Carrie May Rutledge,
daughter of James Rutledge, occurs to-
day.

Mrs. Freeman, widow of Washington
Freeman is critically ill at her residence
on State street and it was feared this
forenoon that she would not survive
during the day.

HE FOOLED THE SURGEONS.

All doctors told Renick Hamilton, of
West Jefferson, O., after suffering 18
months from Rectal Fistula, he would
die unless a costly operation was per-
formed; but he cured himself with five
boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the sur-
est Eile cure on Earth, and the best Salve
in the World. 25 cents a box. Sold by
Globe Grocery Co.



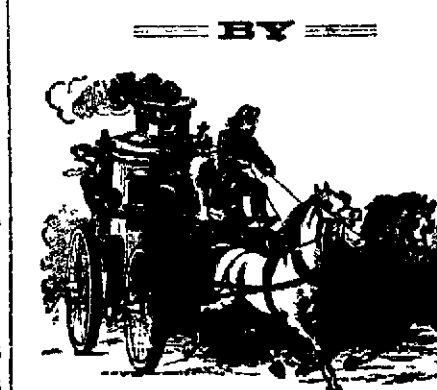
VISITORS

Are sure to form a pleasing impression
of your home when it is fitted up in
refined taste, and your walls and ceil-
ings are artistically and appropriately
decorated. We have a line of wall
papers that would make an artist's
hear glad in their pleasing and har-
monious effects of color and design.
We have never sold fine wall papers as
cheap as we are doing right now.

J. H. Gardiner
10 & 12 Daniel St., Portsmouth

FIRE

Insurance That Will Insure.



R. J. Kirkpatrick,
Congress Block,
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

M. G. WILEY, M. D.,
Rupture Specialist

2 MARKET ST., - PORTSMOUTH

Office Hours: 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 11
p. m. - Sundays 10 to 12 a. m.

G. E. PENDER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office - 15 Percent St., EXETER BUILDING

Hours: 10 a. m. to 12 m., 3 to 5 and 7 to 9 p.
m. Residence - 5 Morris Ave.



YOU MAY BE INVITED

To attend a THANKSGIVING en-
tertainment where EVENING DRESS
must be worn. Accept the invita-
tion and

ORDER A SUIT

From us. We make a perfect fit-
ting suit or no charge.
FROCK COATS of perfect style
and fit at lowest prices in the city.

JAS. HAUGH

20 High Street.

You Know That